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STOP HAZING IN TOTO.

Five Points to West Point. "Don't put on airs. When it comes to Hazing, Deviling, and Blackguardism, I am as good as you, perhaps better."

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a page of Sketches at a French Watering-Place, and a rich variety of interesting reading matter.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

THE Republican speeches and platforms of the summer are notable for their strong statement of the sectional question. That this question should be prominent is greatly to be regretted. But however the fact may be deplored, no fair man will say that the responsibility rests with the Republican party. The Administration certainly has not fostered the agitation, and if the Democrats had not made it of such vital importance, the Republican friends of the Administration would have prevented its playing the part in 1880 which it did in 1876. The sectional question ought to be disappearing, and its present prominence is due to two things, for which Democrats exclusively are responsible—the suppression of the colored vote, and the tone in which those who suppress it demand State rights. The suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States, of which the evidence is incontestable, is equivalent to a forcible seizure of power which may easily control the government. That is a wrong which the intelligent "North" will not tolerate. All classes of voters are here protected in their electoral rights, and the strongest Democratic authority agrees that the national supervision in New York has secured the most peaceful and honest elections. The sectional question is kept alive by the Democratic treatment of equal citizens in the Southern States, not by the Republican protest against it; and to reproach the Republicans because of that protest with shaking the bloody shirt is to reproach them for maintaining the fundamental principle of the government—free and fair elections. Nor is it surprising that the cry of State rights in the mouths of those who are responsible for this suppression should arouse apprehension. In the States where the colored vote is suppressed there seems to be no local redress. One of the most trenchant public papers that we have recently seen is the address to the colored people of Texas, adopted by the Colored Conference at Houston on the 2d of July of this year. It is a very strong but perfectly temperate statement of the situation of the colored population. The crimes of every kind against them "have never been indicted or punished in any manner by the judiciary of the South, yet we have never attempted to take the laws into our own hands in order to vindicate or right our wrongs." And believing that neither time nor any sacrifice upon the part of the colored people will remove the ill-will with which they are regarded—in proof of which the address submits forcible considerations—the Conference proposes emigration as the only resort. When those who are responsible for this wrong raise the cry of State rights, their demand means only greater impunity in criminally seizing political power.

As we write we receive a letter from "a Southern Union man," who would give his name except that he "does not mix with politics." The writer says that there can never be peace and prosperity at the South until there is a different voting population. He adds that he himself, who "stuck to the party until GRANT got so many thieves around him, has put in money knowing it was to go for paying to stuff the ballot-boxes, and did right; it was the easiest and best way to protect my property, and you would have done the same thing under the same circumstances." Here is one citizen confessing to another that he and his friends send Representatives to Congress by fraud, and asking the other to hold his tongue about it. What the "thieves" around GRANT stole he does not say, but he owns that he and his friends steal seats in Congress and the control of the government. Now if exposing and opposing this flagrant, forcible, and confessed attempt at usurpation is shaking the bloody shirt, the bloody shirt has become again the banner of American liberty, and he who does not wave it is a contemptible coward. The position of such men as our correspondent in the Southern States is undeniably hard. We have admitted it always. The whole situation there is extremely difficult. CALHOUN, whose instincts upon the subject of slavery were remarkable, uniformly said that slavery could be abolished only by war, and that the same force which freed the slaves would enfranchise them, but that there could be no social or political fusion of the races. However that may be, the course pursued by the whites in those States is naked revolution. It is the complete overthrow of all legal rights, and an overthrow in which the rights of those who do not live in those States are also involved. When our correspondent pays money to stuff a ballot-box to protect his property, he commits our property to the care of a man who has no more right to such care than the next tramp. Do he and his friends really suppose that we shall submit?

The difficulties of the Southern States are great. But the intelligent whites of those States must see that they can not settle them without a good understanding with the controlling sentiment of the North, which, politically, is Republican. That good understanding, therefore, should be the first aim of Southern politics, for no difficulty of situation would justify the rest of the country in conniving at a general disregard of vital constitutional principles and guarantees, which is the present policy of the Southern whites under Democratic auspices. Our correspondent proposes there shall be a different voting population, and insists that if this is "a nation with a big N," it shall pass a national election law prohibiting voting except to those who can read and write. Here there would be a question, but he can have another voting population without such a law, and without any question whatever. Any State may require an educational qualification for voters. Why, then, do not he and his friends urge such a qualification in his State? It would reduce its Congressional representation. Undoubtedly it would; but is not such reduction better than anarchy? The whites control many of the Southern States. They complain of the ignorant black vote. But the legal remedy is in their own hands. Why do they not use it? For two reasons: they know that it would greatly reduce the white vote as well as the colored, and they prefer to suppress the colored vote, and still count it with the white in the basis of representation, and to accuse citizens elsewhere who expose and denounce the iniquity as cherishing sectional hate. Really our Southern brethren have learned our courage, and they ought now to credit us with some commonsense. There is not the slightest vindictive feeling in this part of the country toward Southerners, whatever the fervor of platform rhetoric may be. But the only way to a good understanding and to the disappearance of the bloody shirt is plain proof that Southerners seek to remedy their undoubted difficulties by just, legal, and constitutional means. At present the Democratic plan is to obtain complete control of the national government by fraudulent and forcible suppression of the colored vote wherever necessary. This is the overthrow of popular government and sheer usurpation, and it is this that the Republican party unitedly opposes.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

THE New York Republican Convention will meet at Saratoga on the 3d of September. By common consent this State is the important point of the elections of this year, as foreshowing the probable result of the general contest of next year. For the first time all the chief State offices are to be filled at the same election, and the Governor will have the appointment of the chief non-elective officers in the State. The first consideration for those who are interested in the success of the principles represented by the Republican party, and in a higher and purer political tone, is that the State is very closely divided between the parties. Republican success last year was due mainly to the Greenback diversion. This year the great majority of the 70,000 Greenback votes will be given to Governor ROBINSON. This fact at once makes the result doubtful. To this must be added the unquestionable strength of Governor ROBINSON as a candidate. He will poll the whole Democratic vote very much more surely than any other man, because he is especially not the politicians' candidate. He has made his own hold upon his party, and the threat of Tammany defection is an old cry of wolf. Governor ROBINSON will be the Democratic candidate, and he will command the Democratic vote. He will have the advantage, also, of representing the "reform" element of his party, as against the mere "machine," and he will therefore attract independent votes, which are very many in so great a State as New York. Undoubtedly political power, or rather initiative, has now largely passed from the people both in this State and elsewhere. A curious illustration of this was recently furnished by the coincidence of the *Herald's* addressing a few words to Mr. JOHN KELLY, as if he were the Democratic party in the city of New York, and of a letter in the *Sun* of the same day, reporting the remark of a Republican that Mr. CONKLING'S will would determine the Republican nomination, as if he were the Republican party in the State. His ascendency is indeed paramount, and his individual mastery of the party in New York is as controlling as that of the old Regency of fifty years ago over the Democratic party. But there is a strong and permanent protest against what may be called Conklingism on the part of an intelligent and unswerving Republican minority. The party, indeed, is thoroughly harmonious upon the great purpose of arousing public opinion to prevent Democratic usurpation of the government by the suppression of the colored Southern vote, but it can never be harmonious upon the question of accepting much of the present Senatorial leadership as one befitting the principles, the traditions, or the character of the Republican party.

In nominating a candidate for the Governor's chair in a State so close as New York, something else must be considered than what is called party fidelity and party service. There are hosts of honest Republicans who are perfectly faithful to the party, and who have served it to the extent of their power, and whose nomination would be supported by the fair regular vote of the party. But in the present situation is that enough? Would it insure more than an apathetic canvass? As against a Democratic candidate exceptionally strong because he is generally believed to be an honest and faithful man sincerely bent upon doing his duty, and all the stronger because, correctly or incorrectly, supposed to be distasteful to his party "machine," would it be quite safe to oppose a mere "machine" Republican who would be repugnant to an important part of his own party, and who would certainly not get a single vote beyond the strict party lines? The Governorship of New York is a great office. Ought not the Republican party, which assumes especially to represent the intelligence and conscience of the State, to nominate for it some man of such general capacity and public standing as well as personal character that his selection would at once impress the community not as the result of skillful intrigue, but of intelligent comprehension of the situation?

These are reflections which should be weighed before the delegates are elected. A Convention does not deliberate. It is the etiquette of a Convention not to criticise candidates. All are commended as equally worthy. If to this courtesy there be added the etiquette of silence until the Convention meets, there is no canvassing of candidates whatever, and the field is abandoned to intrigue. The reason of the saying that no party ought to have a long lease of power is that parties tend to fall under the control of a few men, and to cease to be agencies of reform and progress. But so long as it shows itself not to be a mere machine, a party may count upon holding its power. The way to secure a Republican Governor of New York is not to nominate a candidate who has nothing but "claims upon the party," but a Republican whose eminence and character are in themselves an immense advantage to the party, and whose election would promise an honest, economical, and progressive administration more surely than the re-election of Governor ROBINSON.

THE YELLOW AGONY.

WE do not mean the terrible malady which is scourging Memphis, and awakening everywhere the deepest sympathy: the yellow agony is the phrase by which the Australians describe the Chinese immigration. For the Chinese question is not peculiar to California. It has vexed our brother Bull in Australia, and he has taken the most peremptory measures, so that the Chinaman is now practically excluded from a large part of the country. It seems, as Mr. WISKER tells the story in the *Fortnightly*, that Australia has been exposed to the trouble of three kinds of colored people—the aboriginal, who is black, the Polynesian, who is of any tint from copper to black, and the yellow Chinaman. Of these the Chinese swarm upon the Australian continent. In Queensland, in a total population of little more than 200,000, there are 20,000 Chinese. In the Queensland gold mines at the end of the year 1877 there were 17,903 miners, and of these only 4634 were Europeans, and the remainder, 13,269, were Chinese. The question was imperative. The Chinese were overrunning the colony. Should it be allowed to become Chinese? There were treaty obligations, and the employer's right to get his work done cheaply; but there was also the undisputed right of the colonies to self-preservation.

The story of the Chinese appearance in Australia is a curious repetition of that of California. After a short and not disagreeable experience of cheap labor and small industries, there was a reaction, and resolute hostility ended in repressive legislation such as California seeks. The Chinese could not be kept out forcibly. They could not be hanged upon arriving. The white man, therefore, must be protected by a duty on the yellow man. The Chinaman was required to pay £3 for a miner's license, when the ordinary fee is 10 shillings; and £10 for a business license, while Europeans pay but £4. This was followed by a regulation that the master of every vessel bringing Chinese passengers should deposit with the Collector £10 for each one of them, which should be returned to the Chinaman when he left the country, if he could then prove what nine out of ten certainly could not prove. It was further enacted that no vessel should carry more than one Chinese passenger for every ten tons of registry. Under this regulation it costs £30 to transport one man from Hong-Kong, and it is virtually a prohibition. These laws, however, did not reach the Chinese already in the country who had mining licenses, so another act forbade all Chinese from mining on new gold fields; and a field is "new" for three years after proclamation, so that the Chinese can take only the leavings of Europeans.

Here is the strictest hostile legislation, to which, so far as we remember, no allusion was made in our Congressional debate last winter. It is not only hostile, but efficacious. In the year 1875 there were 7254 Chinese arrivals in Queensland, 6555 in 1876, and 7460 in 1877. But in 1877 the hostile acts were passed, and since their passage there have not been 200 immigrants. The adjoining colony of New South Wales, where the foreign proportion of population is smaller, has adoped similar legislation. The author of the article does not argue the question. He holds that it is one of self-preservation, and that no European community would suffer itself to be swamped by a horde of Asiatics, with which it can no more mix than oil with water, and whose coming is "merely tempting Providence." When the Chinese debate is resumed in Congress, there is no doubt that the Australian precedent will be cited.

THE INDIAN IN COURT.

THERE is no better or braver officer in the army than General MILES, and reading every morning the telegrams that describe his movements among the Indians, and reflecting that so many valuable lives are exposed every moment, it is impossible not to wonder whether the political sagacity of the United States is totally incompetent to deal with the Indian question. "It is in vain to plead for justice in any case concerning Indians," wrote JOHN QUINCY ADAMS forty years ago. Yet the Indian difficulty, which has so long defied us, is mainly due, not to the Indians, but to the white man. The best authority upon the subject is Bishop WHIPPLE. He is a clergyman, indeed, but he is a man devoted by the deepest convictions and the strongest sympathies to a subject which apparently interests nobody else to the same degree. He has lived among the Indians. He has won their confidence. He understands them. He knows their wrongs, and he has the courage and the eloquence to demand justice. But few care to listen, although of all public questions there is none which more involves our good name and our administrative ability. Our Indian history is a monotonous tale of crime and massacre and horror; but a great nation whose politics are mainly founded upon the wrongs of the black man has no thought or care for those of the red man. We have by no means done our duty when we have impatiently stormed at the Indian as a scalping savage, and turned him over to the military arm. We expose General MILES and his men, as we exposed Generals CANBY and CUSTER, to danger and death in a service in which little glory is to be won, enforcing a policy which is unjust and indefensible. One of the meanest disgraces of our national history is the Seminole war. But it failed to teach us.

President GRANT meant well toward the Indians, and under the present Administration there has been less scandal in the Indian Department than for many years. But the whole subject requires the thorough treatment which can proceed only from public opinion, and that may be quickened by the story of the Ponca tribe.

Three years ago they were a Christian and semi-civilized people in Southern Dakota. Their lands had been ceded and relinquished to them by the government, and in

good faith and confidence they had built houses and cultivated the fields. It was decided to remove them. With equal right it might have been decided to remove any community in Maine or Michigan. Some lines in an appropriation bill—another abominable abuse of such bills—gave the doubtful authority to drive the settlers and owners eleven hundred miles to a wild country. But the law required their consent, which they refused. The Indian Office, says our authority—Mr. J. H. TIBBLES, assistant editor of the Omaha *Herald*—coaxed and threatened. The ten Ponca chiefs offered to die for their people, but they would not consent to surrender their land and homes. They never have consented; but troops appeared, and the Indians, leaving their houses standing, set out upon the long march, men, women, and children. In one of the most beautiful of American poems a beloved American poet has told the same story of exile, and has taught us pathetically its terrible wrong. Moving southward under military escort, the Indians reached the allotted reservation, but died so fast that they were removed to another. Since their journey the tribe of 700 has lost 300 members. Last January one of the chiefs took his children and fled. Famished and exhausted, they reached the Omaha reservation. There they were arrested, and ordered back under military escort. But at Omaha Mr. TIBBLES, who had served with JOHN BROWN in Kansas, and was once rescued from border ruffians with the rope already around his neck, obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the chief and his band were freed by the court. The appeal came to Mr. Justice MILLER in the Circuit Court; but the authorities had taken no bond for the appearance of the prisoners, as they were not "persons," and there were no prisoners. The suit was dismissed, and the chief and his company are now quietly earning their living.

Encouraged to find that the courts will listen, Mr. TIBBLES now intends to see if the dispossessed Indians can be restored to their lands. This will raise the whole question whether Indians have any standing in the courts. Should the land be recovered, the right of the government to prevent their return to it would raise the question of personal liberty. The expenses of the suit will be large. At a meeting in Chicago $600 were raised; and in Springfield, Massachusetts, a meeting, at which Bishop HUNTINGTON presided, appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions. Is not this a practicable solution of the Indian question? If the courts are open to the Indians, if they can appeal to law against their oppressors, may not an efficient remedy for oppression be found? This is the belief of many intelligent men. Ex-Governor SEYMOUR has written a letter supporting the suit, and there is a strong Western feeling favorable to it. Eastern feeling ought to be no less favorable.

A WELL-SPENT "HALF HOUR."

A HALF hour can not be spent more profitably than in reading a late number of the "Half-hour Series," Mr. ATKINSON'S *Labor and Capital Allies, not Enemies*. In questions of political economy, of wages, of labor and capital, and all the kindred topics which command public attention more and more, the valuable teachers are not men like KEARNEY, but those who have dealt thoughtfully as well as practically with large affairs, and whose object is not to defend a side or to "agitate" merely, but to ascertain the facts, and from them to draw a rule of action. Mr. ATKINSON is a teacher of this kind. He has observed and studied long and faithfully, and his thinking is so clear, and his style so animated and simple, and his conclusions so sensible, that the best thing the Fall River strikers or any other strikers could do would be to turn a deaf ear for a little while to the professional foreign agitators, and listen to this sensible American, who is not a partisan or advocate either of capital or of labor as against the other, but who says a great many things that most capitalists and laborers have never thought of.

Among the fallacies which Mr. ATKINSON exposes is the general belief that the change in the factory population of New England during the last forty years has tended to degradation rather than to advancement. That this is true he denies. Forty years ago the constant work of one operative working one hour would produce only three yards of coarse sheeting, the factory hours were thirteen per day, and the wages earned were less in amount and far less in purchasing power than those of to-day. Yet farmers' daughters were glad to do this work. To-day the average product of the same operative working for one hour, less arduously than then, is ten yards of the same sheeting, the hours of labor are ten per day, and the wages far higher than then. If the operative is less educated than the farmer's daughter, it is because the machinery is so improved that it can be managed by those for whom at that time there would have been no place except in the lowest drudgery, while the farmer's daughter has advanced to occupations more attractive and less laborious. Even as late as 1860, in one great factory, a fair example of all great factories, a woman earned, upon an average, $3 26 in a week of eleven hours a day; in 1878 she earns $4 34 in a week of ten hours a day; and each gold dollar of her wages will buy more than the gold dollar of 1860.

This is a kind of information which arrests attention, and so, indeed, is all that the little work contains, and the lesson that the author draws, which is indicated by the title. Not less suggestive is his view that great individual wealth does not necessarily represent injustice, but may be the result of a faculty which confers immense benefit upon the community. Mr. ATKINSON'S paper was prepared for Mr. HEWITT'S commission, and Mr. HEWITT'S report will be doubtless an exceedingly valuable contribution to the noble task of bringing capital and labor to a better, because more intelligent, understanding.

ODD.

A FAMOUS leader of fashionable society in London, the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, is just dead. The Queen sent a letter of warm sympathy to her husband, the Prince of Wales sent another, and the King of the Belgians and various people of the highest social distinction in Europe telegraphed their sorrow. The favor of Lady WALDEGRAVE was a passport to social recognition, and, socially speaking, her circle was the most "desirable" in England. Yet if Lady WALDEGRAVE should have come to this country, it is odd that she could not have been allowed to stay at the delightful Manhattan Beach Hotel because she was a Jewess. The Prime Minister of England, also, would be obliged to seek quarters elsewhere, for the same reason, that he is a Jew. Mademoiselle BERNHARDT, also, whom the Prince of Wales invites to dinner, and to whom Mr. GLADSTONE pays compliments, would be excluded. But every cockney and bagman would be admitted; nor is there any disagreeableness or vulgarity that would be debarred if it could not be called Jewish.

We do not know whether the pleasant Manhattan Beach Hotel observes the good old habit of placing a Bible in every room. But if it does, it is odd that the Book of books, the sacred book of Christendom, which is thus selected as the one book for every guest, is the history of the Jewish people, the "divinely chosen" nation, and the record of the teachings of the Master whom the great part of Christendom reveres as God taking flesh as a Jew. It is odd what reflections these facts suggest. It is very odd, also, to consider what the company at the pleasant hotel would be if all the influences which have moulded its life and education and thought, and which are due to the Hebrew genius, were suddenly taken away. If civilization had written over its gates, "No Jews admitted," and could have kept them out, half of its characteristic charm, half of the refinement of modern thought and life, would be wanting.

Meanwhile, although vulgarity is exceedingly distasteful, whether among lords or ladies, or Jew or Gentile, yet the law, happily, does not allow Boniface to turn away Lady WALDEGRAVE and Lord BEACONSFIELD and MENDELSSOHN and ROTHSCHILD merely because being Jews they must be, in Boniface's opinion, vulgar.

DR. CROSBY AND THE GOVERNOR.

THE Rev. Dr. CROSBY is president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. His energy and good sense have made the society an efficient means of promoting public order, and this result has been largely due to Dr. CROSBY'S courage. He can call a spade a spade; and when an offense is committed, he is capable of denouncing the offender by name, which is the sure way to lessen offenses.

Governor ROBINSON has four times pardoned defiant law-breakers of the worst class, and in three cases before the convicts were committed to prison. His last offense of this kind was the pardon of a man named BERRY, who kept "a den of infamy," "a very hell-hole," as a report says; and in sentencing him the Court remarked that a society for the closing of such vile resorts was entitled to the gratitude of all good citizens. The Governor pardoned BERRY. Dr. CROSBY wrote a very plain and emphatic letter to the *Tribune*, telling the exact truth, and severely condemning the Governor's action. At this point the Albany *Argus* undertook the Governor's defense by abusing the plaintiff's attorney. The first argument against Dr. CROSBY was that his society is a society "with a big name behind which to hide the hiring of sneaks for sneak duty against citizens of New York." The second point of the argument was that Dr. CROSBY is "a clerical blackguard." The third, that he is "a reverend libeller." The fourth, that he is "a misrepresenter of the Deity for money." There was more of the same trenchant and conclusive reasoning to prove that Governor ROBINSON was justified in pardoning an offender whose offense was without any mitigating circumstance.

Fortunately Dr. CROSBY is not made of stuff to be snuffed out by an article, and in a cogent and admirable letter to the Albany *Evening Journal* he disposes of the abuse by remarking that the editor's gentlemanly instincts have doubtless already condemned it. He then proceeds to fasten the offense more closely upon the Governor, and concludes by observing that "to defend the Governor in this is to defend disorder and crime." Making faces and "calling names" is a Chinese gong kind of warfare which is dreadful to sensitive nerves. But Dr. CROSBY'S nerves fortunately are not sensitive, and he is bravely fighting the battle of all good citizens.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

WE are glad to see by a telegram in the papers that Senator HILL and Representative A. H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, are expected soon at Old Orchard Beach, in Maine. Social intercourse among intelligent persons of the Northern and Southern States would be very serviceable in promoting good understanding. It would be curiously different in its results from the intercourse of the older days when Newport was a favorite summer resort of Southern society, and when the tone of the Northern society that the Southerners saw was snobbish and base to the last degree. They went home more than ever persuaded that the Yankees were a sneaking race of white-livered hucksters. We have seen a single Southern Senator browbeat an entire dinner table at Newport, with his insolent swagger about slavery. There were timid smiles and deprecating stares, but no guest dared to call his soul his own; and it was because the Southern leaders saw only this kind of society, which was mainly interested in avoiding disturbance, and did not see the great mass of intelligent and industrious Northern citizens, that they believed they could do what they chose if they were only loud enough and firm enough.

That day has passed like the age of LOUIS the Fourteenth. The kind of contempt with which Southern "society" regarded this part of the country is gone, however much it may dislike it still, and it is desirable for every reason that close social intercourse should be promoted between all sections. The threat of disunion was a weapon as old as the government. It has been honestly and resolutely put to the proof, and it has failed. Slavery has vanished irrevocably. Immense sectional suspicion and dislike doubtless remain, but it is obvious that the first common duty of good citizens is not an endless and aggravating bravado and defiance, but a manly and honorable effort at good understanding.

This can be accomplished much more readily in social intercourse than in Congressional debates; and among other reasons because each side can then measure more truly the real bent and force of opinion. Mr. HILL and Mr. STEPHENS are to be the guests of a Democrat in Maine. But if they really come, they will necessarily see many Republicans. They will, we trust, learn the actual and reasonable grounds of the sectional distrust which is still strong. Twenty years ago JEFFERSON DAVIS passed a summer in Maine, and learned little. Messrs. HILL and STEPHENS will see an industrious and hardy people who respect each other's rights, and they can learn much.

UP A TREE.

MR. EMERSON'S description of the highway that ended in a squirrel track, and ran up a tree, is a very fair picture of the apparent course of Napoleonic Imperialism in France. Prince JEROME is the squirrel track, and he evidently meditates taking to the tree. He is the incontestable heir. If there be a Napoleonic dynasty, he is the representative. The Imperial politicians may deplore the fate that gives Imperialism to a man who will not be Emperor, but there is no help. When Prince JEROME says that he accepts the position of heir, and also accepts the situation, he says, in effect, "I am the squirrel track into which the highway has dwindled, and I am going up the tree." The truth is that the Prince is an elderly gentleman who loves his ease, and who wishes to take his ease in Paris. He sees that in the present state of feeling in France he could not assert his Napoleonic claims without a long and desperate contest, in which he would be probably worsted, and in which he would be certainly very uncomfortable. But if he does not mean to assert them, he must say and prove it, or he would be forced from delightful Paris into uncomfortable exile. Possibly, also, he sees that the BONAPARTE crown is now in the limbo where the BOURBON crown has long lain. Crowns are going out of fashion, and Imperial highways are running up trees. Prince JEROME evidently means to have all the fun and none of the trouble of being "the rightful Emperor of France."

PERSONAL.

DR. EDWARD WARREN, an American physician of high repute practicing in Paris, has had bestowed upon him by the French government the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his unfailing kindness and sympathy toward the poorer classes of Americans in Paris.

—Mr. TURNER, of the British postal department, is in town, *en route* for Bermuda, whither he goes to reorganize the postal department of that island. While here he has the advantage of a thorough examination of the New York Post-office, which has attained to such perfection under the administration of Postmaster JAMES. It is not long since Assistant-Postmaster PIERSON went abroad to examine into the postal systems of Europe. He writes that the postal facilities of France and Italy are nothing to be compared with those in the United States, and especially of New York, but that the arrangements in Rome are very good. The post-office there is located in an old convent, and those desiring letters enter a handsome court-yard, elegantly paved with fancy tiling, and receive their correspondence while listening to the splashing of waters falling into the basin of a richly carved fountain, which is always playing, day and night. In that warm latitude the falling water cools the atmosphere, which is thus rendered very agreeable to those whose business calls them to the post-office. Mr. PIERSON expects to bring with him a very valuable report of the results of his inspection.

—The St. Louis *Republican* is authority for saying that Bishop RYAN, coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis, is to be transferred to Chicago, which is to be made an archdiocese. Bishop RYAN was the preacher at the dedication of the new cathedral in this city, and is conceded to be not only the foremost orator among the Catholic hierarchy in America, but a man of remarkable administrative ability, which is a quality especially looked after in the episcopate. The *Republican* also states that Bishop RYAN will undoubtedly receive, in time, the cardinal's hat now worn by Cardinal MCCLOSKEY.

—Mr. WILLIAM M. HUNT, the artist, is sharply criticised for having said in a recent publication that "Harvard University has not graduated a great man for fifty years." The really great men of New England have not been graduates of that institution, though many who have won distinction in various ways have been taught there. Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in his recent fine Commencement poem, speaks of JONATHAN EDWARDS as

"EDWARDS, the salamander of divines,"

as if that great Puritan's notions of hell were his most important ideas.

—As Mark Twain was about to depart from a call he had made on LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER in Paris, that lady discovered that the wind and rain had loosened the silk from two of the ribs of his umbrella, and insisted upon putting them to rights for him. "Thank you," he said, in his drawling, melancholy accents, as he took the umbrella and sidled out of the door. "Those two bare legs of my umbrella quite distressed me as I was coming up the street, they seemed to want pantalets so badly; and in fact I didn't think they looked decent." Thus the pang of parting was softened with smiles.

—Mr. C. W. CHAPIN, of Springfield, Massachusetts, now eighty-one years old, and the richest man in Western Massachusetts, has been chosen president of the Connecticut River Railroad Company. Last year he resigned the presidency of the Boston and Albany Railroad Company on account of his age.

—Among the pensions granted by the British government during the year past are the following: Mrs. ANNE JOSEPHINE HOME, widow of the late Colonel HOME, R.E., $1500; Mrs. MARY HOWITT, $500; Mr. FREDERICK MARTIN, F.S.S., author of the *Statesman's Year-Book*, $500; Lady DUFFUS HARDY, $500; Mrs. SARAH ELIZABETH MELVILL, in recognition of the heroic conduct of her late husband, Lieutenant and Adjutant MELVILL, in saving the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment on the field of Isandula, $500; Mrs. HENRIETTA MARY ADA WARD, widow of Mr. EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, R.A., $500; Mrs. FRANCES AURELIA BREWER, widow of the Rev. JOHN SHERWELL BREWER, M.A., $500; the late Mr. HENRY SMART, $500; Mrs. ROBINA OGILVIE, widow of Mr. ROBERT ANNESLEY OGILVIE, C.B., Surveyor-General in the Department of her Majesty's Customs, $500; and Mr. EDWARD LANG, C.E., in consideration of his scientific attainments, and labors toward the perfection of mechanical appliances, $500. Total, $6000.

—Three gentlemen of this city, who are proverbial for their liberality, have given $100,000 of the $200,000 which the trustees of Rochester University voted recently should be raised for the support of the institution. The three gentlemen are JOHN H. DEANE, who gave $50,000, J. B. TREVOR, $25,000, and JEREMIAH MILBANK, $25,000.

—Concerning the eminent SITTING BULL, it is mentioned by JOAQUIN MILLER, who has just returned from a tour of several thousand miles through the Sierras and other very western regions, that an Indian is never honored with a distinctive name until he has done something noteworthy, and which reveals a marked trait of character. When SITTING BULL was a young man, he was shot in the legs in battle, and disabled; but he sat bolt-upright on the ground, and continued to fight with the fierceness of a wounded buffalo bull, and it was this incident which drew from the tribe the appellation of SITTING BULL.

—It is possible to have an excessive funeral in regions remote from great cities. Thus it was with SAMUEL CASSEL, late of Hoernerstown, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, who died a few days since at the age of eighty-eight. His funeral was the largest ever known in that part of the State. After sermons preached in English and German, a procession was formed, in which were 220 carriages, and followed the remains to the Hummelstown cemetery. But the good and peculiar closing up of the affair was that after returning from the cemetery five hundred persons were furnished with dinner.

—Those clever but diffident young men who compose the Tile Club, and who recently transformed an ordinary canal-boat into a high-toned gondola, in which they were wafted up the surging Hudson and through the billowy Champlain Canal, have returned in safety, after alarming everybody living on the banks of those waters with the peculiarity of their artistic howl, and the strength of their anthems. The New York correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, alluding to some of the more conspicuous malefactors, says: "While aboard the *Earle* the artists dressed in fantastic costumes, and sketched one another. Mr. SARONY in a full sailor suit had a very nautical appearance, and was often inspired to dance a hornpipe. Mr. R. SWAIN GIFFORD in a beef-eater's costume was a striking figure. These grown men were just like boys on their excursion, and had as much innocent fun. They say that O'DONOVAN would bound from boat to boat with 'wild halloo,' hatless, and hair flying to the winds. WIER insisted upon being thrown overboard, and dragged after the boat by a rope around his waist. He soon got enough of it, and came dripping back, and sought the seclusion that the cabin grants. As they approached each town along the route they rang the enormous Chinese bell swung in the bow of the boat, which brought an expectant crowd to the wharf. Their coming was well known, and the press along the line gave many amusing stories of the trip. At some of the towns they were met by a deputation of the citizens, and offered the hospitalities of the place, which, owing to a want of time, they could only accept at one port."

UMBRELLA SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY P. DE LUCE.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

THE FISHERMEN OF BERMEO.

The fishermen of this old Spanish town are formed into a fraternity, having an administrator and a junto to manage their affairs. They make the rules; and in case the sea is too rough the captain of the *Senora* raises his oar into the air, and no one dare go off. Each evening they manage the sale by auction of the day's produce, retaining a certain portion as a reserve fund, and dividing the remainder according to the success of each boat. Sometimes the stormy weather prevents their going out for many days together, and great would be the distress were it not for the help of this fund, which also provides for aged fishermen and the widows and children of those lost at sea.

In the morning the scene is quiet along the quay, when the nets are hanging and the children preparing the bait for their fathers, or dipping the fresh sardines in the boiling oil, and laying them carefully in the boxes. But in the evening the scene is much more animated. Then the boats that started with the tide return—from the large ones, manned by sixteen men, to the small canoes, which a father and two sons can handle. About seven o'clock certain important persons come down, dressed in coats and hats; they are the curers and merchants. Women and children crowd round *en masse* to see the fish being sold.

The auction is held in the hall belonging to the fraternity. Enormous scales are hung under the portico, and there the fish are laid in heaps to be weighed. By the light of a large lantern a clerk rapidly takes down the figures, and the fish are immediately packed in round baskets, which the oxen draw into the town. It is a remarkable scene: the noise of disembarkation, the shouts of the seamen, the chatter of the women, the lowing of the cattle, and the immense hideous heaps of tunny and stock fish gaping for life, as they are viewed under the yellow light of the lantern. This lively affair lasts into the early morning hours, until the last boat arrives, when all retire to their well-merited repose.

There are about a thousand men in Bermeo engaged in this trade. The women help in unloading or at the curing-houses. They marry very early; at eighteen every fisherman has his lover. He makes one or two long voyages, to gain sufficient money for his marriage outfit—not a very sumptuous one, consisting of little besides some white linen, two or three poor bits of furniture, and a few gewgaws; and thus the pair begin life. Should he wait ten years longer, he knows he will not be rich, there being bad days in which his whole fortune may be lost. This continual uncertainty and constant struggle against danger influences the character, and leads to improvidence. After a good season, Bermeo fishermen will rather squander their earnings than put them aside for a worse day. Their families are large; both boys and girls are early put to work; but as there is no class of people more laborious or more honest, the judge has often but one culprit brought before him in a year. They are of the pure Basque blood, and very handsome. The slender muscular frame of the men, with oval face, aquiline nose, and clear eye, marks a serenity combined with singular energy of character. As for the women, before work has tried them, they represent the ideal of beauty—tall, with splendid chestnut hair, which the married women roll round their head, and the young ones wear in two long plaits. A dozen of these walking from the port, each with a basket of fish on her head, and singing in the silence of the night, form a very striking picture.

HOUSE OF THE BIBLE, FRUIT, AND FLOWER MISSION.

THE FLOWER MISSION—VISITING THE SICK.

TWO EXCELLENT MISSIONS.—Drawn by C. A. Keetels.—[See Page 646.]

IN ALL LABOR THERE IS PROFIT.

We tread the grapes, but shall not drink the wine.
All through the hazy hours of autumn heat
The red juice foams around our weary feet,
Our garments blush with many a purple sign;
But not for us, who trained the meagre vine
To fruitful strength, this vintage shall be sweet;
We shall not join the banqueters who meet
When these rich drops through glowing crystal shine.
Not for our lips the draught our hands prepare;
But when slow time has ripened it, and when
Its mellow warmth makes glad the hearts of men,
May we, the husbandmen, in spirit share
The feasters' joys, which we with painful care
Laid up for them in years before their ken.

TWO EXCELLENT MISSIONS.

The building for the New York Bible and Fruit Mission, just completed, is located in East Twenty-sixth Street, opposite Bellevue Hospital, within a few hundred feet of the East River. It was commenced in the early spring of 1879. The building has a frontage of fifty feet, with a depth of eighty feet, and has on the ground-floor kitchen, dining-rooms, and office; on the second floor, lecture-room and anterooms; on the top floor are several small rooms which may be used as dormitories. Its purpose is to benefit persons just discharged from the charitable and criminal institutions on the islands in the East River and vicinity, by furnishing them a place where they may go as they step from the boat, and where they will find food at the smallest possible cost. Here advice will be given them, and their wants supplied as far as practicable. It is not intended at the outstart to furnish lodgings within the building; but in cases of necessity the mission, by outside arrangements, will be enabled to aid such as apply for lodgings. It is intended to issue tickets for meals, which persons may buy and distribute in charity.

In Fourth Avenue, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, is located the head-quarters of the New York Flower Mission. It is in charge of Miss Russell. To this place are sent flowers, plants, shrubs, etc., from different places—New Jersey, Connecticut, Long Island, New York State, etc. These flowers are given to parties applying for them for the purpose of distribution among the sick.

There are two or more parties who make outdoor distributions. There is one in Rivington Street, and another at 746 Sixth Street. These are both connected with the Children's Aid Society. Personal visits are made to the homes of the sick, and flowers left with them, whether young persons or old. The Rivington Street party are in the habit of leaving bouquets at drug stores in certain localities, so that the druggist may give them to persons calling with prescriptions.

UMBRELLAS.

There can be no doubt that our artist has given considerable rein to his imagination in presenting us with his spirited sketches, on page 644, of the umbrellas carried by the people of different nations. The umbrella is by no means a modern invention. It was familiar enough to the eyes of the old Greeks, and Roman dames thought their establishments incomplete unless they had their due complement of umbrella-bearers to attend them in their walks and drives, and guard their complexions from solar influences. Roman play-goers took umbrellas with them to their open theatres, the priests of the early Christian Church said mass under them, and cardinals taking their titles from basilican churches always received an umbrella with the red hat. A golden umbrella figures in the paraphernalia of high church dignitaries to this day; and in some places in Europe the host is never carried through the streets without a decorated umbrella to bear it company.

Montaigne says that the use of the umbrella as a protection against the parching heat of the sun was common in Italy in his time, but the prince of essayists thought the incumbrance more than counterbalanced the comfort afforded, pronouncing the umbrella to be a greater burden to a man's arm than a relief to his head. Montaigne's verdict is certainly justified by Coryate, who describes the umbrellas he saw in Italy as being made of leather in the form of a little canopy, hooped inside with divers little wooden hoops, extending the umbrella in a pretty large compass, and having a long handle. Whether the Romans introduced the umbrella, with other devices of civilization, to our British ancestors, it is impossible to say. The Anglo-Saxons were undoubtedly acquainted with it, but the earliest mention of it in English literature occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, in which the hero is, oddly enough, compared to one. Altea, congratulating her sister-in-law upon securing the supposed easy-going fool for a husband, asks her:

"Now is your heart at rest?
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the world's scorching opinion
From your fair credit."

It would hardly be safe, however, to conclude that the umbrella was strange to English eyes prior to the sixteenth century merely because early writers fail to mention it. Shakspeare could not have trod the boards of the Globe Theatre without coming in contact with tobacco-smokers, and yet, if silence were good evidence, we must suppose that he had never heard of the popular weed.

There can be no question that the use both of the umbrella and parasol was well understood in England during the earlier half of the eighteenth century. That it was not very common is evident from the fact that General (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Wolfe, writing from Paris in 1752, speaks of the people there using umbrellas for the sun and rain, and wonders that a similar practice does not obtain in England. Just about this time, however, they seem to have come into general use, and that pretty rapidly, as people found out their value, and got over the shyness natural to a first introduction. Jonas Hanway, the founder of the Magdalen Hospital, has the credit of being the first man who had the courage to carry one habitually in London, since it is recorded in the biography of the venerable philanthropist—the friend of chimney-sweeps, and the sworn foe to tea—that he was "the first man who ventured to dare public reproach and ridicule by carrying an umbrella." He had probably found out the benefit of one during his travels in Persia, where they were in constant use as a protection against the sun; it is also said that he was in ill health when he first began to make of his umbrella a constant companion. One author suggests that it is "more than likely that Jonas Hanway's neatness in dress and delicate complexion led him on his return from abroad to appreciate a luxury hitherto confined to ladies." Mr. Pugh, who wrote his life, gives the following description of his appearance, which may be regarded as a gem in its way: "In his dress, as far as was consistent with his ideas of health and ease, he accommodated himself to the prevailing fashion. As it was frequently necessary for him to appear in polite circles on unexpected occasions, he usually wore dress clothes with a large French bag. His hat, ornamented with a gold button, was of a size and fashion to be worn as well under the arm as on the head. When it rained, a small *parapluie* defended his face and wig."

As Hanway died in 1786—and he is said to have carried an umbrella for thirty years—the date of its first use by him may be set down at about 1756. For some time umbrellas were objects of derision, especially from hackney-coachmen, who saw in their use an invasion on the vested rights of the fraternity, just as hackney-coaches had once been looked upon by boatmen, who thought people should travel by water and not by road. John Macdonald—perhaps the only coachman (always excepting the great Mr. James Yellowplush) who ever wrote a memoir of himself—relates that in 1770 he used to be greeted with the shout, "Frenchman! Frenchman! why don't you call a coach?" whenever he went out with his "fine silk umbrella newly brought from Spain." Records of the umbrella's first appearance in other English towns have been recorded. In Glasgow, according to the narrative in Cleland's *Statistical Account of Glasgow*, a Mr. John Jamieson, surgeon, returning from Paris, brought an umbrella with him, which was the first seen in that city. "The doctor," says Cleland, "who was a man of great humor, took pleasure in relating to me how he was stared at with his umbrella." In Edinburgh Dr. Spens is said to have been the first to carry one. A red Leghorn umbrella, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, appeared in Bristol, and created there no small sensation. The trade between Bristol and Leghorn may account for this. Some five-and-thirty years ago it was said that an old lady living in Taunton, England, recollected when there were only two umbrellas in town, one of which belonged to the clergyman. When he went into the church he used to hang it up in the porch, to the edification and delight of his parishioners.

Umbrellas share with books the peculiarity that they may be stolen with impunity, so long as the thief assumes the guise of a borrower. Why this should be, is an unsolvable mystery. It is just the same in England as in our own country, equally loose notions prevailing on both sides of the Atlantic. "Why buy an umbrella?" asks one of our American editors; "all you need to do is to stand in a doorway until some one passes with an article suiting your taste, and then step boldly out, seize hold of the desired object, with 'Sir, I beg your pardon; you have my umbrella.' In nine cases out of ten it will be meekly surrendered, for how does the bearer know you are not the man he stole it from?" Yet truth compels us to state that there are even personages who have consciences in regard to umbrellas. An advertisement once appeared offering to restore an umbrella left somewhere by a forgetful owner; and a clergyman was once heard publicly to declare that society was improving in morality, because he knew of three instances of borrowed umbrellas finding their way back to their owners. But then, on the other hand, we have the testimony of another clergyman, who stated that he had only married one couple in the course of a year; that they did not pay him his fee, but staid to dine with him, as it was raining hard; that they finally borrowed his umbrella when they departed, since when he has not seen or heard anything of them.

THE TWO CROSSES OF HONOR.

Amongst the orders and crosses bestowed as symbols of merit, the Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross hold the foremost place, and their true nature is worthy of being popularly known. The Legion is not quite so exclusive an order as the Victoria Cross; for it is not confined to deeds of valor, but is bestowed upon all, soldiers, sailors, and civilians alike, for all kinds of service to the state—military, naval, political, or scientific. It is much respected by the French people, who eagerly and persistently seek for the honors which the wearing of the "red ribbon" confers on its possessor. The Legion of Honor was founded in 1802 by Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul, for the express purpose of rewarding all civil and military merit; and it superseded all the monarchical orders, which had been abolished by the Revolution. Napoleon intended at first that the Legion should have a white ribbon as the emblem of purity; but this being the color of the Bourbons, red was chosen instead, although this was already worn by the Knights of St. Louis.

The order acquired great lustre during the reign of Napoleon I.; for at the period of his captivity and final exile, six thousand Frenchmen had acquired it, and out of this large number five thousand had received the distinction for bravery on the field of battle, the honor being enhanced in many cases by the fact that the great Emperor often conferred the insignia with his own hand on the spot, immediately after the deed was done which had earned the honor; at times even taking the golden cross from his own breast to place it on that of a common soldier. On the restoration of the Bourbons the old monarchical orders were revived; but the Legion of Honor had so entirely supplanted them in the affection of the people at large that it was deemed prudent to continue it as the chief national reward for services rendered to the state. In such esteem was it held at this period that sentries were obliged to present arms to all bearers of the celebrated red ribbon; and this compliment was paid to the members of the Legion up to the year 1824, when the number of "legionaries" having increased to twenty-eight thousand, it was found that the work of saluting was growing very onerous for the sentries—that in fact there was too much "saluting" going on—and the somewhat absurd system was suddenly discontinued.

Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King," abolished the old orders, and retained only the Legion, and this he distributed so indiscriminately as to raise the number of members in a very short time to more than fifty thousand. After his flight from Paris, the order was suppressed by the republican government; but was revived by Napoleon III., under whose *régime* it became the vehicle for bribery and corruption of the most flagrant kind. Though endowed with a new set of rules, ostensibly to purify it, the Legion was used to decorate men of the most questionable character; and any political service rendered to the Emperor or his ministers was, apart from its nature, almost certain to be rewarded by the bestowal of the famous red ribbon. It was never more fairly bestowed, however, than when it graced the breasts of the bronzed heroes of the Crimean war; and so long as the order was kept for purely military purposes, its value and character were beyond question. The French greatly esteem it, as shown by the fact that the late President of the Republic, M. Thiers, who during his term of office never wore any uniform whatever, always bore in the button-hole of his plain frock-coat the red ribbon of the Legion—the only order which he chose to wear from among many others in his possession. It is now the highest honor which it is in the power of the President and his ministers to bestow; and its value is enhanced by the fact that every member of the order is entitled to appear at court ceremonies, and at his death to have military honors paid to his remains. It is eagerly sought after by all Frenchmen, and when obtained, is proudly and ostentatiously worn.

The majority of the members are Chevaliers or Knights; and next above them in rank come the Officers, the Commanders, then the Grand Officers, and, highest of all, the Grand Crosses. Civilians on whom the order is conferred have to pay certain fees for the privilege; but in the case of soldiers or sailors it carries with it a pension, varying between ten pounds for Knights, and two hundred pounds for Grand Crosses. The Knight's insignia of the famous order are a red ribbon at the button-hole when in plain clothes, and a silver-mounted enamelled cross when in uniform. The Officer has a red rosette when out of, and a gold-mounted enamelled cross when in, uniform, the rosette being worn also by all the members of the superior grades when in morning dress. In evening dress or uniform, the Commanders wear a red collar with a cross pendent; the Officers a star on the left breast in addition to the collar; and the Grand Crosses a larger star, and a broad red ribbon or sash across the breast.

Officers of the army or navy receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor by right after twenty years' good service; but the private soldier or sailor is compelled to win it by distinguished conduct in the field, and often deserves it over and over again before he succeeds in obtaining the much-coveted honor. Civil servants, prefects, procurators, etc., also get the order after a certain term of service as such; but authors, artists, poets, inventors, engineers, and others have to knock long and loudly at the official door before their claim to the decoration is allowed. None but persons of irreproachable character—that is, those who have never stood as criminals at the bar of a court of justice—are admitted to the companionship of the Legion; and it is therefore looked upon everywhere and by everybody in France as a certificate of or testimonial to honesty and merit.

It is stated that the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition having been intrusted by the government with the bestowal, upon persons who had rendered services in connection with the great International Show, of three hundred Crosses of the Legion of Honor, no less than twenty-two thousand applications for the honor were received! Certainly the order could not be better bestowed than in rewarding those who have fought in the great battle of the arts and sciences, and thus done their utmost to promote peace and good-fellowship among the nations. But it is somewhat strange that the great cross which was the guiding-star that led Napoleon's famous troops to so many victories should have developed into a prize medal for successful traders, or a guerdon for political adventurers. There certainly is a decline, which, if not stopped, will work its own cure by rendering the decoration valueless.

At Austerlitz, Napoleon bestowed the cross from his own breast on a grenadier of the Imperial Guard who had saved the Emperor's life when he was fired at by a Russian sergeant of the line. The veteran dashed out of the ranks—in itself an offense against discipline which on ordinary occasions neither Napoleon nor Wellington would forgive—and with his musket struck up that of the Russian, whose shot was thus diverted from its object, only, however, to find another victim in the shape of one of the Emperor's suite. The old grenadier then dispatched his enemy, and gallantly and successfully defended himself against a horseman and two infantry-men who sought to avenge their comrade. Napoleon was a witness of the faithful Guardsman's act, and riding up to him as the latter rejoined his company, he detached from his own breast the golden cross which glittered there, and pinned it upon that of the veteran. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang through the air from the ranks of the Old Guard, every member of which accepted the decoration of their comrade as a compliment paid to the regiment itself.

So much for the great French Cross. And now we will briefly recount the story of one which is as dear to the hearts of Englishmen, though in a quieter way, as the Legion of Honor is to their neighbors across the Channel, namely, the Victoria Cross. This is a purely military and naval distinction, and is only conferred for gallant conduct in the field or in action at sea. Englishmen as a rule do not care much for orders and crosses, and the few which are in the gift of the sovereign as the fountain of all honor—namely, the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India—are generally reserved for persons of high rank in the social or official scale who have rendered great services to the state in various capacities. Perhaps the nearest approach to the Legion of Honor on that side of the Channel is the Order of the Bath, which is conferred upon all classes as a general distinction, and for long and zealous service in the cause of the state or in any particular profession.

The Victoria Cross was founded in the year 1855, the period of the Crimean war, and was instituted as a special military and naval distinction for distinguished conduct in the field. It consists of a plain, unpretentious piece of bronze metal in the shape of a Maltese cross, and is manufactured from guns which have been taken from the enemy. On the front of it is the figure of a lion above a scroll, which bears the simple and appropriate motto, "For Valor;" and on the reverse are inscribed the name of the recipient and the date of the deed of bravery for which it has been conferred. On the top of the cross is a crown and the initial letter V., through which passes the ribbon by which it is suspended. The cross is conferred on all ranks alike in the army and navy, and when worn is distinguished by a red ribbon for the army, and a blue one for the navy. It also carries with it a pension, varying from ten pounds for a private to one hundred pounds for an officer. Apart from this, there is no distinction whatever; and its bestowal on a drummer or private as well as on an officer is duly announced in the *Gazette*, accompanied by a full recital of the brave deed which has won it, and giving its possessor the right, if he chooses to exercise it, of placing the letters V.C. after his name. In the case of officers this last-named privilege is taken full advantage of; but the privates or drummers have never, as far as we are aware, attached these honorable initials to their names. Perhaps this is because their superior officers have never encouraged them to do so, and the modest fellows—for the truly brave are ever modest—have never had the moral courage to assert their right in this respect.

The Victoria Cross is very sparingly bestowed, and its value is enhanced by the fact that it can only be obtained by a genuine act of bravery performed in the presence of others, and certified by the hero's commanding officer. The recommendation is then forwarded through the general commanding to the Secretary-at-War, who in his turn submits it to the Queen. Though conferred on officers as well as the rank and file, it is essentially a soldier's distinction; and the majority of the members of this most honorable of all military orders consists of non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates. It reflects great honor on the drummers of the British army that so many of their comrades have gained the Victoria Cross, the records of the Crimean, Indian Mutiny, and other later wars containing splendid deeds of bravery and devotion performed by the holders of this once despised rank. This is the more to be admired as the bugler or drummer has very few chances of distinguishing himself; but when an opportunity does occur, he is never remiss. It was a drummer who helped to fasten the powder-bags on the gates of Delhi, the destruction of which resulted in the capture of the mutinous city of the Great Moguls in 1857. The act was performed amid a perfect shower of shot and shell, and was rewarded—some months afterward—with the Victoria Cross. It was also a drummer who, while acting as field-bugler to Lord Napier of Magdala in the Abyssinian war, left the general's side, and dashed first into the stronghold of the tyrant Theodore.

Perhaps the most daring deed that ever won old England's Legion of Honor was that which was successfully performed by Kavanagh during the Indian Mutiny. Lucknow was besieged, and its garrison was starving. Besides the little band of devoted men, there were also women and children cooped up in the Residency, at the mercy of some fifty or sixty thousand savage and relentless foes. Daily, nay hourly, the little garrison was growing weaker and weaker, and nearer and nearer were pressing the dusky sepoys, until it became a matter of life and death to the heroic few that Sir Colin Campbell, who was known to be advancing to their relief, should be at once informed of their real state and their utter inability to hold out much longer. A volunteer was called for, a man who would consent to be disguised as a sepoy, and who would risk his life among the mutineers, in order to make the best of his way to the advancing army. The call was immediately responded to—as it generally is by Britons in the moment of supreme danger—and

two or three men expressed their willingness to undertake the task.

From these brave volunteers, an Irishman named Kavanagh was chosen, who, to his other various qualifications, added a knowledge of the enemy's customs and a thorough acquaintance with their language. The commandant shook the brave man by the hand, and frankly informed him of the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken, how it was more than probable that he might meet his death in the attempt. But the gallant fellow persisted, and his skin was at once colored by means of burned cork and other materials to the necessary hue. He was then dressed in the regular outfit of a sepoy soldier. When night set in, he started on his lonely and perilous mission, amid the hearty "godspeeds" of the famishing garrison. In his breast he carried dispatches for Sir Colin Campbell, with the contents of which he had been made acquainted, in case of their loss.

We have not the space at our command to give all the particulars of his remarkable journey. He succeeded, however, after many narrow escapes and great hardships—during which he often had to pass night after night in the detested enemy's camp, and to march shoulder to shoulder with them in the daytime, and, when he left them, to swim across rivers, or to crawl through the tangled thickets where the deadly tiger asserts his sway—in reaching Sir Colin Campbell's camp, where, to finish his stirring adventures, he was fired at and nearly shot by the British outposts. Kavanagh's narrative was listened to with rapt attention by Sir Colin, who immediately gave orders for the army to advance as quickly as possible to the aid of the gallant defenders of the Residency. How the latter were rescued is a matter of history. Kavanagh lived long enough to wear his cross, though he lost his life shortly afterward in battle with the same enemy; but the noble example he left behind him was not lost on the brave hearts who eventually saved India for England.

Such, then, is the story of these two famous crosses; but whole volumes could be filled with the glorious deeds of those whose breasts have borne or are now bearing the honorable insignia. Though somewhat dissimilar in the manner in which they are now conferred, yet both carry out the intentions of their founders by keeping alive within the hearts of the people that spirit of chivalry and honor which is the real strength of a nation.

BURNS'S "HIGHLAND MARY."

WE owe the only trustworthy information concerning Highland Mary to the industry of Robert Chambers. Mary Campbell was a nurse-maid to Gavin Hamilton's son Alexander, born in July, 1785, and she saw him through several stages of infancy before leaving his house. Her father was a sailor in a revenue-cutter, stationed at Campbelton, near the southern end of Cantire. She had spent some of her early years at Loch Ranza, in the family of the Rev. David Campbell, a relation of her mother's. She left Burns on May 14, no doubt for Campbelton, where she spent the summer. It is believed that she had letters from him; and the two songs, "My Highland Lassie, O," and "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary," are likely enough to have been sent to her there. Her mother's cousin was a Mrs. Macpherson, in Greenock. Her brother was to be apprenticed to Mr. Macpherson, who was a ship-carpenter, and in the autumn Mary accompanied him to Greenock. Before leaving home she had agreed to take a place in Glasgow at Martinmas, so that she had then given up the idea of sailing with Burns, though she may have been still willing to marry him before he left Scotland. After his apprentice supper, her brother became ill, and Mary nursed him and caught a fever, which hurried her in a few days to the grave. Before the boy sickened, Macpherson had "*agreed* to purchase a *lair* in the kirk-yard," and it is likely enough that the purchase of the *lair*, which is registered on October 12, 1786, may have been completed between her death and her funeral. It was almost certainly concluded before the funeral, and a mere agreement to purchase is not likely to have been completed by a superstitious Highlander while the boy or Mary was lying ill, and the issue uncertain. I think the evidence of the burial lair points to Mary's death as somewhere about October 12.

The story of the immortal verses "To Mary in Heaven" was given by Mrs. Burns to Mr. McDiarmid. Burns had spent the day in the usual work of harvest, apparently in excellent spirits. "But as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance; but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in," when he called for his desk and wrote out the poem at once nearly as it now stands.

If Mary died on 12th October, 1786, Burns no doubt heard of it in Ayrshire by the 14th, for her attachment—indeed, her promise—must have been well known to her family. Burns's letter to Aiken, in which he first mentions the excise, and first seems a little unsettled about the West Indies scheme, may perfectly well be dated after the 14th, without inconsistency with the description of October 6 as "t'other day." Had he staid at home, Mary might of course have been willing to share his fortunes, but there is no evidence that she ever knew of any change in his intention to emigrate, or that there was any change in it, till the sudden news of her death. Mrs. Begg—his sister—remembers that "after the work of the season was over," and she had, as usual, taken to the *big wheel*, in which either her mother or one of her sisters was assisting her, "Robert and Gilbert being also present, a letter for the former was handed in. He went to the window to open and read it, and she was struck by the look of agony which was the consequence. He went out without uttering a syllable."

Any one who turns to the letter to Aiken will see, I think, that it bears the visible seal of thoughts of unwonted gravity, such as a blow like the loss of his secretly betrothed wife could not fail to bring. On October 14, his children, whose smiling and helpless infancy made it seem cowardice to desert them, were nearly six weeks old, and his little boy lived in his own family and was daily before his eyes.

If my theory be correct, it seems probable that the song "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary," though copied out in the Commonplace Book in 1789, was written and probably sent, like "My Highland Lassie, O," to the living Mary in 1786, who was probably a fairly educated girl. No poet so absolutely dependent on the spontaneity of his inspiration as Burns was would have dramatized the sort of song he might have written naturally three years before. When he wrote of Mary after her death, the shadow of his grief is heavy on his heart, and his lyre is tuned to the most mournful and melting music.

The mysterious West Highland journey stands in curious connection with the memory of Highland Mary. Burns was in Mauchline on the 18th of June, 1787, and back in Mossgiel on the 7th of July. He had his favorite mare, Jenny Geddes, with him, so that he was independent of conveyances. He told no one where he was going or what he meant to do. He was at Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, on June 28, on his way back from Inverary. He was on Loch Lomond side on the 29th and at Dumbarton on the 30th. I conjecture that he may have ridden down to Ayr and crossed over to Campbelton with Jenny Geddes in some of the numerous packets plying between two ports not more than forty miles apart. At Campbelton he might see Mary Campbell's father and mother, and might then easily ride in two days along the wild and beautiful west coast of Cantire, having

> "before him spread
> The deep outstretched and vast."
> —*Elegy*, line 54.

Thence cross over to Inverary, where both the inn and the castle were full of guests with "more money and less brains." Two days brought him to Dumbarton, two more would easily take him to Greenock, and one or two more would bring himself and Jenny Geddes back to Mossgiel. In all likelihood it was a pilgrimage sacred to the fresh and touching memory of Mary Campbell, undertaken in the hope of gleaning a few withered leaves of her tender remembrance of him, and with the intention of seeing the friends who had loved her and the grave where she lay. Mary's mother spoke afterward of a visit he had paid her some time after her daughter's death.

I believe Burns's narrative to be perfectly accurate. In accordance with it I suppose the lovers to have changed their first intention and agreed some time between May and October that she should wait for him, either as his betrothed or as his married wife, till he could send for her to the home he hoped to create in the charmed lands of "the lime and the orange."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Australian journals are filled with details of the approaching International Exhibition at Sydney, which opens the first week in September. Many American manufacturers have already responded to the invitation which was made public months ago, and there is yet time for other exhibitors to send their wares, as goods will be received from this country up to the closing of the Fair, on March 31, 1880. Moreover, if it is desired, arrangements will be made with the Victoria Commission to have exhibits sent from Sydney to Melbourne in season for the opening of the Exhibition in that city in 1880. Thus exhibitors will receive the benefits of two exhibitions in the British colonies with but little additional expense above what one would cost.

Among the regulations adopted by the Commissioners of the Exhibition the following are of special importance: The transportation, unpacking, and arranging of exhibits must be undertaken by the exhibitor or his agent at his own expense. They should be strongly boxed, and distinctly addressed to "The Commission for the United States, International Exhibition, 1879, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia," and have two labels bearing the flag of our country. Packages should also have painted on them, as distinctive marks, the letters S. I. E. inclosed in lines of diamond shape. The shipper should retain a copy of the invoice, and send two copies to the United States Commission. The removal of goods, except under special circumstances, will not be permitted before the close of the Exhibition, but facilities will be given for the sale of them, to be delivered after the close. Inventions capable of being patented in New South Wales will be protected by a special provision of Parliament. Steam-power will be provided gratuitously in limited quantity. The Commission will take every precaution for the safety of all objects in the Exhibition, but assume no responsibility for damage or loss. Reports and awards will be based upon inherent and comparative merit. Exhibitors must remove their effects within two months after the Exhibition closes, or they will be sold at auction, and the net proceeds given to the exhibitors.

The main building for the Exhibition will cover seven and a half acres of space, affording about eleven million cubic feet of available room. Its estimated cost is $500,000.

It is interesting to know that the most friendly relations exist between the managers of the proposed Exhibitions at Sydney and at Melbourne. Whatever rivalry is manifest is of the most generous nature, and there is cordial co-operation between the two cities, which will soon be united by railway. Several lines of steam-ships ply between the two places, with low rates for freights. The Exhibition at Melbourne opens on October 1, 1880, and closes on March 31, 1881. It will be held in the Carlton Gardens, which comprise an area of sixty-five acres. The principal European governments have signified their intention of sending Commissioners, and of course the English government takes a decided interest in the enterprise. Goods will be received at the Exhibition Building, in Melbourne, on June 1, 1880.

Another disastrous storm has desolated two towns, Karns City and Petrolia, situated in a Pennsylvania valley, about forty miles from Pittsburgh. After a few hours of violent rain, there was a sudden rise of water, as if some great reservoir was broken up, and a rushing wave swept through the valley, carrying away houses, laying waste farms, and destroying almost everything in its track. The terrified inhabitants fought for their lives, and fortunately but few were drowned.

An exciting scene recently occurred in Sing Sing State-prison. A convict serving his term for burglary became mutinous, and stabbed his keeper. Efforts to place him in closer confinement were for the time inefficient; and while he was offering violence to another keeper, he was shot by that officer in self-defense, and killed.

Respectable people will soon stop patronizing excursion-boats, if measures are not taken to prevent riots on board of them. Even now ladies and children avoid some routes, and seriously hesitate about others, in the fear that disagreeable things will occur on the trip.

The Old South Church, Boston, has come out in cream-color. Somebody says this change results from its standing at the head of Milk Street.

It is rumored that an elegant hotel will be erected before another season on Rockaway Beach.

No need at this season to give the title of a "poem" in one of our exchanges which begins thus:

> "He lights upon your head,
> A naughty word is said,
> As with a rap,
> A vicious slap,
> You bang the spot
> Where he is not.
> He laughs, and rubs his gauzy wings;
> He scratches head and legs, and sings;
> He slyly grins,
> And then begins
> Some mischief new
> At once to brew."

At a meeting of the Howard Association in Memphis, on July 27, it was unanimously decided that the association needed no assistance from abroad at present. Sincere thanks were returned to those who had already tendered their services; under no circumstances, however, will the services of unacclimated persons be accepted hereafter. A Committee of Safety was appointed at a meeting of citizens, and all citizens were called upon to rise and meet the emergency that had come upon the city, and to unite in rendering all needed help.

It is useless to try to get rested in vacation unless you are happy. Worry, anxiety, fretfulness, destroy the benefit of attempts at recruiting health and strength. Somebody has given three rules which may help some people to be happy: Try to make others happy; be content with little; look on the sunny side of things.

Many articles of value have been stolen from the stranded steamer *State of Virginia* by the crews of passing schooners.

A wheelbarrow match across the continent is the latest contest. One of the "trundlers" was seven months and sixteen days in coming from San Francisco to New York city. If anybody needs more exercise this hot weather, he had better organize a street-cleaning match. *That* would be worth while.

It is now expected that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt will come to the United States in September, 1880, and give the American public an opportunity of judging of her merits as an actress and artist. To be sure, she may change her mind: she is manifestly eccentric, and from abroad we are cautioned not to be too sure of her coming.

The fire at Cape May last year has resulted in great improvements in hotels and cottages, and, according to the latest reports, something like ten thousand visitors are enjoying the pleasant and luxurious accommodations of the place. Cape May has a plank sidewalk a mile long and ten feet in width along the beach, and opposite the hotels are two wooden piers about one thousand feet long, extending beyond the breakers, with pavilions and seats, where one can be at sea without danger of being upset, seasick, or drowned. These bridges and the sidewalk are the fashionable lounges about sunset, where one may get the ocean breeze and see the crowd. If an iron pier is built at the Cape, as is promised, it will make another attractive feature.

The Astor Library—which is closed for cleaning and repairs until September 1—has received an addition of about seven thousand volumes during the past six months, making the entire number in the library more than one hundred and ninety thousand. Among recent gifts is a report of the geological survey of India, presented by the government through Lord Salisbury.

During the midsummer heats every owner or driver of horses should himself be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in so far as his own treatment of them is concerned. Car, cart, and stage horses have a hard time always, but in hot weather it is easy to see how oppressed and exhausted the poor creatures are, and every man should be merciful.

As a result of about forty thousand examinations upon the eyes of white persons, it appears that color-blindness is twelve times as common among boys and men as among women and girls. The reason for this curious fact is as yet unexplained.

Somebody usually profits even by disasters. About a week after the great storm and tornado which occurred in so many places about the middle of July a Boston paper stated that one firm in that city had sold since the storm 300,000 panes of glass, or a total of 250,000 square feet. Another firm sold 100,000 square feet, and still another had contracts for the repair of fourteen churches and 300 front doors. One dealer disposed of 7000 pounds of putty on the day after the storm.

The "Brighton Age" is a new four-in-hand coach which makes regular trips from the Hotel Brunswick to Brighton Beach. The coach will seat eighteen persons, and the trip to Coney Island takes about two hours—from three to five in the afternoon—so there is time to bathe, dine, and enjoy the beach before returning.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have decided to devote a portion of the new art building in Central Park to collections illustrating industrial art. They propose to begin with the applications of metals. Some valuable gifts have already been received, and others are solicited.

In Amsterdam, Holland, several persons have been poisoned by the use of enamelled cooking vessels of Belgian and German manufacture. Some of these utensils were tested with diluted acetic acid and common salt heated in them for two hours. The solution obtained yielded considerable oxide of zinc. Combinations of zinc are considered very injurious to health; and as food often contains mixtures of salt and vinegar, pans which are thus affected must be regarded as unsuitable for the kitchen.

A Maine farmer, being much annoyed by crows in his corn field, spread a large umbrella there in order to frighten them away. One wet day, however, he was much surprised to find a large flock of the creatures seeking shelter from the rain beneath his "scarecrow."

Groups of statuary are shortly to be placed in several of the public squares in Paris. M. Barrias's "Premières Funérailles" has been selected for the park in the Rue Monge, M. Gautherin's "Paradise Lost" for the garden of the Saint Jacques Tower, and M. Soldi's "City of Paris" for the park of Montsouris. A bronze statue of Étienne Marcel is to be placed in the new Place de l'Hôtel de Ville.

A circular has been issued giving an account of the movement for the inauguration of a World's Fair in the city of New York in 1883. By this it appears to be the opinion of the committees, as expressed after their deliberations at various conventions, that the World's Fair is a matter of great importance in a national point of view; that the resources of our country are not yet understood or appreciated abroad, and that the fair will draw hither representatives of all nations, who will carry home an account of what they see and hear; that the interchange of personal views will open new channels of trade for the United States; and that the interchange of thought will strengthen friendly ties, dissipate prejudices, and open new fields of competition in every branch of industry and science. A combination has been made of various committees and delegates, the new organization being called the World's Fair Committee, and including about five hundred and fifty well-known and influential citizens from every department of industry, trade, and finance.

WINDMILLS.

THE time when windmills were invented seems quite uncertain. These machines, formerly so useful, do not appear to have been known to the Greeks or Romans, and it is supposed that they originated in the ages of comparative darkness in mechanical arts which preceded the thirteenth century. The earliest traces of their existence are found in Holland; and they were probably first used to remove the water from the marshes of that country, which, from its flatness, is incapable of being drained by hydraulic machinery. Windmills are—or perhaps we should say were, so few still remain, if we except the fanciful constructions occasionally built in the gardens of wealthy people for the purpose of supplying their houses with water—of two kinds. In one the wind is made to act upon vanes, or sails, which are disposed so as to revolve by that action in a plane which is nearly vertical. In the other the axis of revolution being precisely vertical, any point on the surface of a vane revolves in a horizontal plane. The former is called a vertical and the latter a horizontal windmill.

Each sail frame, or whip, of a windmill, as it is generally called, consists of a long bar of wood with short pieces projecting at right angles, the outer extremities of these short pieces being connected by a vertical lath of wood. On these frames sail-cloth is spread so as to form a continuous surface, capable of receiving from the air in motion the amount of pressure required for the revolution of the four arms. Each sail begins at about six and a half feet from the axle, and terminates at the extremity of the arm which supports it. These taper off toward the extremities. In some cases the frame-work which supports the mill turns round on a fixed vertical axis, so as to direct the sails toward the wind, a lever being used to accomplish the revolution. Generally, however, the roof only of the mill is movable. It is then circular in form, and revolves upon rollers. This kind of mill is usually of stone, in the form of a round turret, with a large wooden dome on the top. To produce the motion in the dome the wooden ring on the top of the building is furnished with a groove containing a number of brass truckles at certain distances apart, upon which is placed another ring, and on this the whole roof is supported. Beams are connected with the movable ring, and to one of them is fastened a rope. This is attached to a windlass, by means of which the roof and sails are made to revolve. These methods of adjusting the wind shaft must, however, be put in operation by hand, and a contrivance has been made by which the sails can be properly set through the action of the wind. A large vane, or weather-cock, is fixed to the extremity of a long horizontal arm lying in the same vertical plane as the wind shaft, by which means, when the surface of the vane and its distance from the axis of motion are of sufficient magnitude, a gentle wind will act upon the vane so as to move the sails and wind shaft to their proper position. This arrangement is practicable whether the mill have

a movable roof or revolve on a vertical shaft. Of small value as the windmill is alongside of steam and water power, there has nevertheless been a vast amount of ingenuity spent in perfecting it. The variations in the force of the wind require that the quantity of canvas on the frames should be varied accordingly, and the contraction as well as the expansion of the sails is usually effected by means of ropes fastened to them in three or more places. These ropes may either be drawn tight or relaxed as required, but for either purpose it is necessary that the mill should for a time be stopped. As the stoppage is, of course, very inconvenient, several methods have been devised for rolling and unrolling the sails while in motion. One of these, which was invented by Mr. Bywater, consists in the application to each whip of a cylinder or roller, to which the canvas is attached. This extends the whole length of the arm, and has a toothed wheel at the extremity nearest the axle. The teeth of this wheel work in those of two other wheels, and the motion of either of these being stopped, the cylinder rolls or unrolls the canvas, being made to turn on its axis by the action of the wind on the sail. Several methods have also been proposed for equalizing the action of the wind on the sails of a mill. They consist generally in the employment of a series of valves fixed in the frame-work of each sail. These valves revolve on pivots which are let into the frames, and as the force of the wind increases, they present in turning less of their surfaces to its action, so that the pressure is rendered nearly equable.

A horizontal windmill is a great cylindrical frame of timber which is made to revolve about a vertical axis, and its convex surface is formed of boards attached in vertical positions to the upper and lower parts of the frame. The plane of each board is oblique to the lines which the wind impinges on it, the direction in which the latter blows being supposed to be parallel to the horizon. The whole is inclosed in a fixed cylinder having the same vertical axis as the other. This consists of a screen formed by a number of boards, which are disposed so that in whatever direction the wind may blow, it may enter between them on one side only of a vertical plane passing through the axis. The wind thus entering acts upon the oblique surfaces of the boards about the interior cylinder on one side of the axis, while it is in a great degree prevented by the screen from acting upon the boards on the opposite side. These boards, therefore, meet with small resistance when during each revolution they come up toward the quarter from which the wind blows. In horizontal mills one board may receive an impulse equal to that which the wind communicates to a sail of equal area in a vertical mill; but in the latter all the sails are acted upon equally at the same time, whereas in the former only one or two can receive the impulse of the wind, and there is always, besides, some resistance experienced in returning against the wind. Mr. Smeaton estimated that the power of a horizontal mill was only about one-tenth of the power of a vertical mill, the dimensions of the sails or vanes being equal in both; but it is observed by Sir David Brewster that in this estimate no account is taken of the resolved part of the wind's force which presses the pivot of the axle against its support, and which is lost on the sails of a vertical mill. He concludes that the power of the latter is not more than three or four times as great as that of a horizontal mill. The difference is, however, more than sufficient to have made the number of horizontal mills exceedingly scarce.

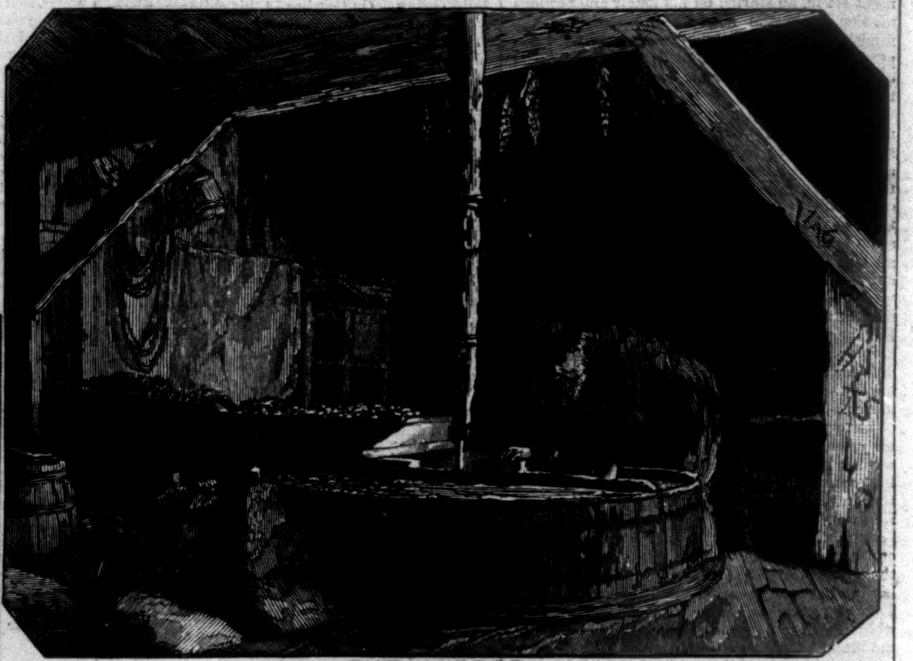
At the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 one of the interesting objects in Agricultural Hall was a windmill built in exact imitation of those used a hundred years ago in flat countries where there was no available water-power, and the introduction of steam had not yet supplied the natural deficiency. Not only was it remarkable as an illustration of the awkward manner in which our ancestors prepared their grain for use, but it looked as if it had actually done service itself in the good old times. So perfectly were the marks of age, the wear and tear of work, and the weather-beaten appearance of an old mill imitated, that the visitor could almost imagine himself standing before the ancient structure whither his grandfather carried his bags of wheat and corn to be transformed into flour and Indian meal for family use.

Although windmills for the purpose of grinding grain have long been out of date among us, one or two still exist and are in operation. One of the few old-time wind grist-mills now remaining is on the island of Nantucket, and forms the subject of our illustration. It stands on a high hill west of the town, and the view from its upper windows, overlooking the island and sea, is extensive and beautiful. This mill was built in the year 1746, and necessarily has changed hands several times. During the Revolutionary war a ball was thrown from a man-of-war, entering the old mill at the northeast side, and passing within a foot of the miller, made its exit at the south-west side. The hole made by the shot can still be seen. At one time it was in a most dilapidated condition, and in the year 1828 it was sold for the small sum of twenty dollars, the purchaser intending to make fire-wood of it. Upon examination the frame-work was found to be of solid oak, and in a good state of preservation. Accordingly the whole structure was put in perfect running order, and remains in use at the present time.

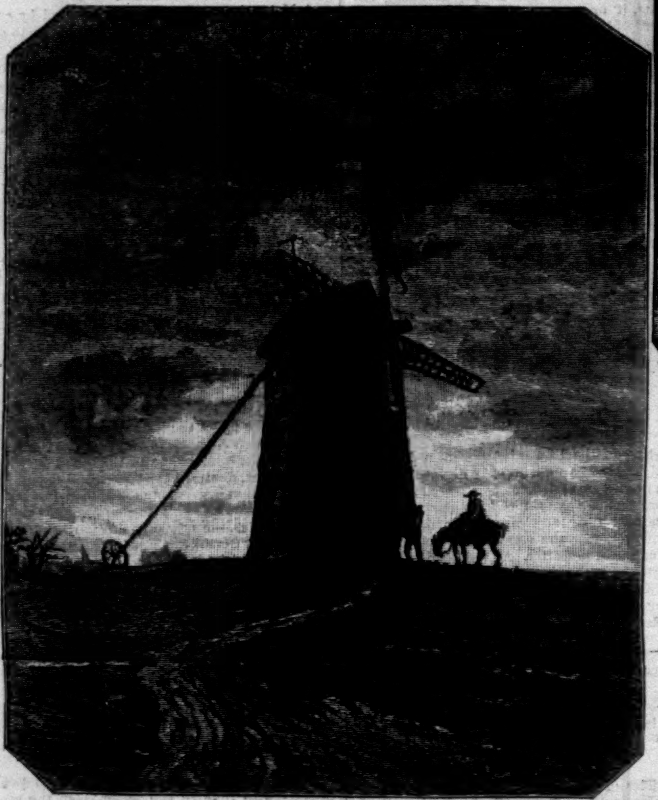
In the upper story of the mill is the horizontal shaft to which the vanes are attached. On this shaft is a ponderous wooden wheel (with pegs or cogs in its face) which turns the perpendicular shaft and upper millstone. Around the large wheel is a clumsy wooden strap, which, binding on the wheel when desired, makes all revolution of the shaft and vanes impossible. This strap is used in case of repairs to the vanes, or in the event of a heavy gale. In the second story is the hopper and millstones. The hopper is a large wooden trough containing the corn to be ground. The corn is rattled from the hopper down between the millstones, through a little spout, which is shaken by the eccentric motion of the shaft running out of centre. In the lower story of the mill is the miller, standing on the lower stair, with one hand on the lever which raises or lowers the upper millstone, thus grinding the corn coarser or finer as he desires. The bright yellow meal comes sifting down through a long spout into a large trough, from which it is scooped into bags.

The visitor to Nantucket who cares aught for the picturesque should not fail to visit the old windmill, make acquaintance with the miller, and watch him set his cumbrous machine in motion. Dragging out the little capstan with its fall and tackle, and making fast to stakes driven into the ground, he attaches the fall to the long spar (near the cart wheel) which reaches to the top of the mill. By this means he turns the vanes in a direction facing the wind, spreads the canvas sails, and grinds away. Whether one stands within, hearing the clatter and creaking of the great ugly wooden shaft wheels, the roaring of the wind, the rumble of the millstones, and feeling the heavy shake of the great oaken structure, or without, listening to the swoop of the vanes as they whirl through the air, there is a mingled sensation of respect for this relic of departed days, and wonder at its power, quaintness, and exceeding ugliness.

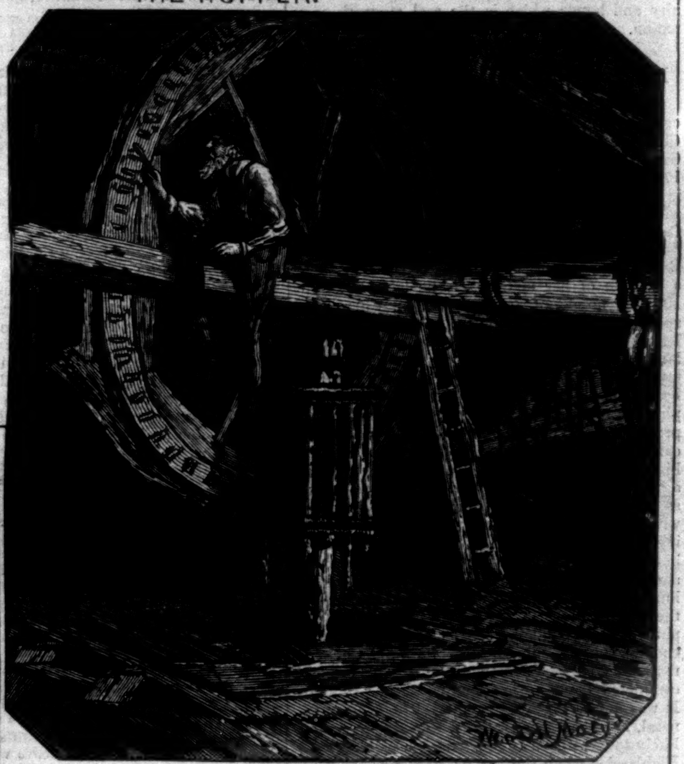
Old Mill on the Island of Nantucket. Built in 1746.



THE HOPPER.

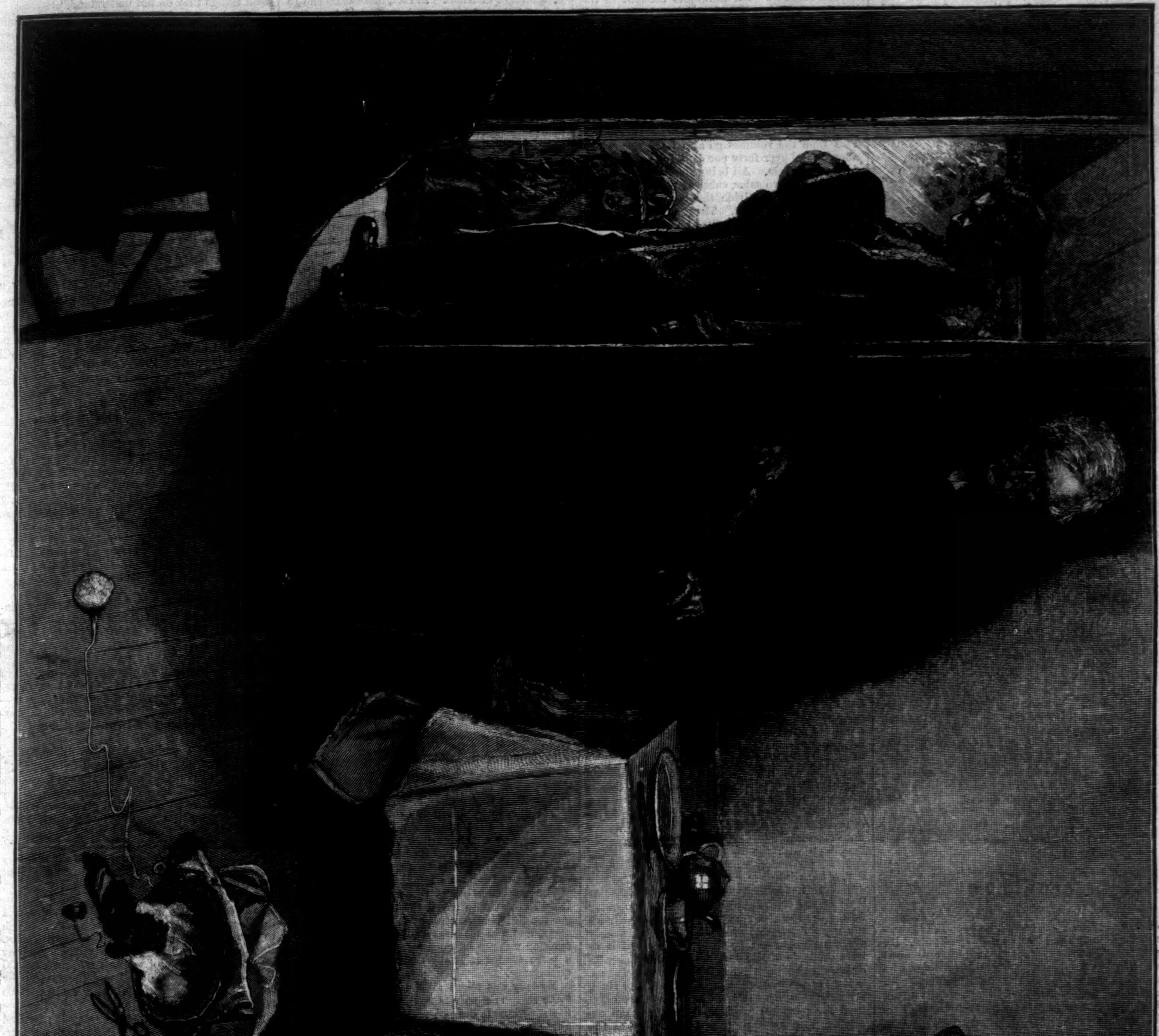


THE OLD MILL.



THE SHAFT.

THE GRIST.



"BREAKING THE NEWS."—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 650.]

A COMMON STORY.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

My old love whom I loved not,
Is this your friendly hand?
Your very voice, with a tremble in it
None else could understand?
My old love whom I loved not!
After so many years,
Parting in silence and in pain,
To meet with smiles, not tears.

My old love whom I loved not,
Do you regret—not I!—
That all died out which best were dead,
All lived which could not die?
Till at the last we meet here,
And clasp long empty hands,
Keeping our silent secret safe,
Which no one understands.

You will leave a name behind you,
A life pure, calm, and long;
But mine will fade from human ear
Like a forgotten song.
You have lived to smile serenely
Over a grief long done:
You will die with children round your bed,
But I shall die alone.

O kind love, whom I loved not!
O faithful, firm, and true!
Did one friend linger near my grave,
I think it would be you.
Could I wish one heart to hold me
A little, unforgot,
I think 'twould be that heart of yours,
My love—whom I loved not!

BREAKING THE NEWS.

Our picture on page 649 illustrates an incident only too common in the life of those people who follow the hazardous employment of fishing along the sea-coast and on the foggy banks that lie in the pathway of commerce between Europe and America. There is scarcely a home in the fishing villages to which the kind-hearted clergyman has not been sent to break the news of some direful calamity, and to offer consolation to sadly bereaved hearts. Sometimes it is the husband, sometimes the son, who went out in the morning full of health and strong of heart, and is brought back before night-fall, cold and lifeless, to the stricken home. Sometimes disaster by storm overtakes a whole fleet of fishing-boats, and carries sorrow to nearly every family in the village where the men belonged.

Yet, full of hardship and danger as their life is, the fishermen are a jolly and cheerful class of people, who take peril and disaster as a matter of course, and would not exchange their work for another for any consideration. Nor are the women less brave and enduring than the men. Patient, industrious, and frugal, they endure daily without complaining all the anxieties that the women-folk of soldiers suffer in time of war.

OLD BOOKS.

A London dealer gives an interesting account of how old books are bought and sold, and sometimes stolen, in the great English metropolis. He says: "Old-book-selling is still commonly resorted to by broken men with business qualities, who are not ashamed to begin at the beginning—with a stall in one of the thoroughfares. Such a man is sure to prosper, provided he sticks to his calling, and is fairly prudent, for the trade is very profitable. The prosperous among us are ready to help such a man by letting him have the weeding of our shelves at nominal prices, and when he has proved himself trustworthy and efficient, by giving him credit on easy terms, too. In too many cases, however, the old-book-stall keeper never rises, or cares to rise, above the gutter in which he spends most of his time.

"Efficiency in the craft is only to be acquired by practice. There are hundreds of thoroughfares in and about London where old books sell well; but every one of these places has its predominant taste, which must determine the quality of the mass of the stock, which may be theological in one place, historical in a second, and purely—which very often means impurely—amusing in a third. Then, while some quarters are content with out-of-date articles, published from fifty years to a century ago, and others with books a generation or so old, there are people who will buy nothing save what has issued recently from the press. Again, the condition of a book is a matter to be considered. Here, as in age and literary value, unsalability is merely a relative term. In rough mechanical quarters, volumes rough and soiled to any extent will sell without stint, provided they are of the proper literary order. Here, where boiler-makers, metal-workers, and that sort of handicraftsmen resort, is just the place to dispose of scientific volumes which have been disfigured and mutilated in schools, public and private. Respectable people will meddle with nothing in the book way which does not bear a respectable appearance. A curious fact in the taste for old books, as shown by the trade done at stalls, is that second-hand works in modern languages, especially novels, sell much better in low districts than elsewhere. The stall-keeper requires six months at least to discover all this, as well as to become acquainted with the usages of the trade. That time passed, he can not but thrive, if he cares to do so. Before long he will have a shop of his own, and cease to be an outsider of the trade. Instead of hanging on to three or four shop-keepers, he goes boldly into the craft as a principal, and acquires hangers-on of his own. Above all, he is allowed to take part in that institution peculiar to dealers in second-hand articles, and one of their leading sources of profit—the 'knock-out.'

"In the knock-out a number of us crowd to an auction-room where a library is brought to the hammer, and buy every article. Here we all know one another, and each of us bids for the rest. There is, therefore, no advance on the first bid, unless an outsider interferes, when we soon run the price up beyond what he cares to give. This trick, repeated as often as may be necessary, disgusts the outsiders, and secures the whole stock for ourselves at far less than its real value. The public auction over, we, the purchasers, retire to a neighboring tavern and repeat it among ourselves. This time the volumes go at a fair price, which allows the buyer forty per cent. for profit on his private business. All being sold, we cast up the totals of the two sales, subtract the smaller from the greater, and divide the remainder equally among those present. Thus a man may and often does gain good profits at a knock-out without making a single purchase. It is one of our customs to clear our shelves of the 'stickers' annually, and send them to the auction-room, where they go through the usual process, knock-out included. Of course no more than two or three of us send books to the same sale; and as there are hundreds in the trade in London alone, there are quite enough of us to keep an auction-room going twice or thrice a week all the year round. There are certain books that never sell at all, and these return year after year to the auction-room, until they become old acquaintances of the trade.

"We have a good many ways of enhancing the value of our wares. Celebrities of all sorts, who are as serviceable to us in the way about to be described as those merely literary, are dying off every day, and their libraries disposed of. In these cases we look up from our stock all likely books, furnish them with sham book plates and autographs, and soon get rid of them at fancy prices. It is a fact that after Lord Macaulay's death thousands of volumes which he never saw were sold in this way as coming from his library. Thus we—we old-book-sellers—have made a good thing of every one of the revolutions on the Continent that have happened of late years. Again, if we get hold of a sixteenth-century work in fine condition, we pay a needy scholar, one of those frequenters of our shops who do a good deal of reading therein and a good deal of gossip with ourselves and our customers, but who only purchase now and then, to sell a few days later at a loss—we pay one of these people to write a few words in a suitable tongue (though, for the matter of that, Latin will always suffice) and a good sixteenth-century caligraphy on the title-page, with the addition of a name purporting to be the signature of some sixteenth-century book-man, one of third-rate reputation—a semi-obscure specimen of vast erudition by preference—and the thing is done. This little trick secures that the volumes to which it is applied shall be bought up by the first book-hunter that drops in. An old volume of any century, but the further back the better, is of much additional value if the fly-leaves—always numerous in very old books—be those originally bound up with the volume. There is a great demand for manuscript documents of all kinds dating back into the past; and there are plenty of men in London who can simulate the familiar style of any celebrity of any period and country during the last three hundred years. Nearly all the more celebrated wrote by secretary, merely signing themselves; so all that is wanted is to have the body of the document in fair sixteenth-century caligraphy. Signatures of that date, being for the most part large, formal, and rigid, are very imitable. Old-book fly-leaves are often used for purposes much less innocent than deceiving a gatherer of varieties. They are the things on which to inscribe forgeries intended to substantiate the claims of persons who pretend to belong to old families of rank and wealth. Such claims are often put forward out of sheer vanity by successful money-grubbers, but occasionally with a purpose more sinister.

"The trade is annoyed by book-thieves of various sorts, only two of which require special notice. First stand the men who make a living among us by hunting out volumes wanted to make a valuable but imperfect set, or to complete an order, and which we have no time to go in search of. Every day in the week finds every one of us in this predicament, therefore such agents are indispensable. These useful fellows are very slippery too. We have to keep our eyes on them while they remain in the shop. But still the chances are that they will 'do' us in some way or other. They always come in with a heap of books under one arm, as well as with a lot in a bag. These are volumes all of which they would have us understand have been ordered, but some of which we know well are intended for exchange in a way peculiar to these people. One of them, we will say, has got an order for an odd volume, and wishes to acquire it by a method more pleasant than purchase. He knows where it is to be found, on a shelf of easy access, and he knows its size and general appearance. So he procures a comparatively worthless article of similar outside, and, being dexterous at such feats, he is pretty sure to substitute the one volume for the other before he takes his departure. We may surprise him in the act, or detect the exchange before he quits the shop, and so we obtain our own again; but that is all. The man is too serviceable to be quarrelled with, and the act when detected is commonly passed off with a jest and a laugh on both sides.

"The other sort of book-thieves to which I have alluded are those half-demented, well-to-do folk who seem to have no business in the world except to accumulate typographical rarities. They are of many kinds. Some 'go in' for rare books in general, and some for rare bindings in general; some make a particular printer or binder their hobby, and some set their hearts on a particular book. Then there are people who search out the books of certain eras, as all the French publications of the time of Francis I.; or one section of the literature of an era, as the political pamphlets of the reign of Anne. In fact, there is no end to the varieties of bibliomania. And it is a fact that an inveterate book-maniac, though the most respectable of men in all other respects, is sometimes unscrupulous and even knavish here. There is no trick to which he will not resort in order to possess himself of a coveted volume. He will wheedle you out of the treasure if you are at all easy-going; he will beg it, or borrow it, or buy it as the last resource. I have known a bibliomaniac purchase volumes which were not at all rare, and for which he had no earthly use, at a cost beyond that of the object of his desire, just to get an opportunity for putting the last in a sly way into one of his capacious pockets. Such gentlemen I do not care to watch closely; indeed, I would not offend one of them for the world. I can always tell when the furtive mood is upon them; and that same manner which carries them restlessly over the shop to bring them back fifty times to one favorite spot mostly indicates the article in danger. I wait until they disappear, when a glance at the shelf shows me what has been appropriated. Then I simply put the missing volume down on the bibliomaniac's bill, to have it paid for in due course. I am informed that a good many drapers do much the same thing with certain kleptomaniacal customers. In conclusion, let me observe I take good care never to make the smallest remark about such transactions; and so do the bibliomaniacs."

THE GENTLEMAN ON THE LEFT.

"The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you."

"Has he?"

"Who is it?"

"I can not tell. I have not seen him."

"Suppose you look?"

"I prefer not. I came to see the play. Is not Helen Faucit superb?"

"So, so. I wish you would tell me who the gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me. Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers, there is no occasion for us to imitate them."

"Your ladyship has no curiosity."

"Not any; I exhausted it some time ago."

Her ladyship was not telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the Honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy which makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building, had solicited her regard just as Selina advised her of it. If she had not been asked to look toward her left, she would probably have done so; as it was, she resolutely avoided any movement in that direction.

The play was finished in a tumult of applause. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, and as she stood up, flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate acknowledged the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness of the recognition was not softened by any glance implying a more tender intimacy than that of mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be an unpleasant one. Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held in them a new light—a light that resembled what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not been already married, and her destiny apparently settled.

"Selina, when you have got rid of all that satin and lace, come to my room; I have something to say to you."

Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure it concerned the gentleman on the left. She had no love affairs of her own on hand or heart at present, and being neither literary nor charitable, her time went rather heavily onward. A little bit of romance—nothing wrong, of course, but just a little bit of romance, especially if connected with the cold and proper Lady Talbot—would be of all things the most interesting.

She was speedily unrobed, and with her long black hair hanging loosely over her pretty dressing-gown, she sought my lady's room. Lady Talbot sat in a dream-like stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls, and said, "What exquisite hair you have, Kate! True golden."

"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that, of course."

"Of what are you thinking so intently?"

"Of the gentleman on our left to-night."

"Ah! Who is he? He seemed to know you."

"He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot."

"*Kate!*"

"It is true."

"I thought he was in Africa, or Asia, or Europe, or somewhere at the end of the world."

"He is now in England, it seems. I suppose he has just arrived. I have not seen him before."

"Where is he staying, then?"

"I presume in the left wing of this mansion. I notice there are more lights than usual in it to-night. His apartments are there."

"Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair, and I am sure this is one."

"You were never more mistaken, Selina. There is no love at all in the affair. That is the secret of the whole position. I thought, as you were staying here this week, and might probably see or meet my lord, it was better to make all clear to you. People are so apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand."

"To be sure, dear. I suppose Lord Richard and you have had a little disagreement. Now, if I could only do anything toward a reconciliation, I should be so happy, you know."

"No, Selina, there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to try. Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstance. Lord Richard and I understood each other nearly four years ago."

"But it is not four years since you married?"

"Just four years—yesterday."

"And my lord has been away—"

"Three years, eight months, and eighteen days, as far as I know."

"Well, this is a most extraordinary thing, and very, very sad, I must say."

"It might easily have been much sadder. I am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor and discretion to keep the secret inviolable."

"My dear Kate, I would not name it for *worlds*."

"Listen, then. One night, when I was scarcely seventeen years old, my father sent for me to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature that I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. I must add also, for it partly explains my conduct, that the idea of disobeying him in anything had never presented itself to me as a possibility. This night I found with him his life-long friend the late Lord Talbot, and also the present lord, my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarrassed in my manners. Then my father told me that it was necessary for the good of both houses that Richard Talbot & I should marry, that Richard had consented, and that I must meet a few friends in our private chapel at seven o'clock in the morning a week afterward. Of course these things were told me in a very gentle and considerate manner, and my dear father, with many loving kisses, begged me as a last favor to him to make no objections."

"And what did Lord Richard say?"

"I glanced up at him. He stood near a window looking out over our fine old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, rather angrily, 'Richard, Miss Esher waits for you to speak.' Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice that I did not catch its meaning. 'My son says you do him a great honor—*and pleasure*,' explained Lord Talbot, and he kissed me and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom.

"Of course I ought to have hated him, Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I fell desperately in love with him. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had not. Richard read my heart in my face, and despised his easy conquest. As for me, I suffered in that week all the torturing suspense of a timid school-girl in love. I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming, childish toilets, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me, and also a London maid, and I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt, and governess being present on my side, and on Richard's his father and his three maiden sisters.

"I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our marriage festivities at Talbot Castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then we came to London, and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of this house, and politely placed at my entire disposal all the remaining apartments. I considered this as an intimation that I was not expected to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks we remained under one roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make these rare interviews at all pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Oh, what a monster, Kate!"

"Not quite that, Selina. There were many excuses for him. One day I saw a paragraph in the *Times* saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was Central Asia. I instantly sent and asked my husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting, and making one last effort to win the kindly regard, at least, of one whom I still could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meetings, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once. I suppose he did so out of respect and kindness; but the consequence was, he found me in an unbecoming dishabille, and with my face and eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"I felt mortified at a prompt attention so malapropos, and my manner, instead of being winning and conciliating, was cold and unprepossessing. I did not rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he made no attempt to sit down beside me or to comfort me.

"I pointed to the paragraph, and asked if it was true.

"'Yes, Lady Talbot,' he said, a little sadly and proudly; 'I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intended Writwell to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I have made for your comfort.'

"I could make no answer. I had thought of many kind things to say, but now, in his presence, I was only fretful and dumb. He looked

at me almost with pity, and said, in a low voice, 'Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity involving many besides ourselves. I am trying to make what reparation is possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three-fourths of my income. I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you possibly can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust it and all else to you without a doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my hard position, I shall be grateful; perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me, this lesson may not be so hard.'

"And I could not say a word in reply. I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone."

"And now, Kate, that you have become the most brilliant woman in England, what do you intend to do?"

"Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature. I always do the thing I do not want to do."

Certainly it seemed like it; for, in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent, the next morning, to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a prior engagement, but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the Duchess of Clifford's that night.

My lord bit his lips angrily, but nevertheless he had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty that he determined to keep the engagement.

She did not meet him with sobs this time. The centre of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and nonchalance that would have indicated to a stranger the most usual and commonplace of acquaintanceships. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said, smilingly, "My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other: we need not undeceive it."

He was dreadfully piqued, and the pique kept the cause of it continually in his mind. Indeed, unless he left London, he could hardly avoid constant meetings, which were constant aggravations. My lady went everywhere. Her beauty, her wit, her splendid toilets, her fine manners, were the universal theme. He had to endure extravagant comments on them. Friends told him that Lady Talbot had never been so brilliant and so bewitching as since his return. He was congratulated on *his influence over her*.

In the mean time she kept strictly at the distance he himself had arranged four years ago. It was evident that if he would approach any nearer to his beautiful but long-neglected wife, he must humble himself to do so. Why should he not? In Lord Talbot's mind the reasons against it had dwindled down to one. But this was a formidable one. It was his valet. This man had known all his master's matrimonial troubles, and in his own way sympathized with them. He was bitterly averse to Lord Talbot's making any concessions to my lady. One night, however, he received a profound shock.

"Simmons," said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, "go and ask Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me."

My lady would be delighted. She was in an exquisite costume, and condescended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewildering moods. It was with great reluctance he left her after a two hours' visit. The next night he staid still longer. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he had made to be present at the Marquis of Stair's wine party.

The following week my lady received every morning a basket of wonderful flowers, and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.

One morning she was compelled to say that she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning-gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons's peculiar face, and, with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in her pale blue satin and cashmere and white laces.

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many very sweet and flattering things. Kate parried them very prettily. "It is well," she said, "that no one hears us. If we were not married, they would think we were making love."

"And if we are married, Kate, why not make love, dear? We had no opportunity before we were married."

"Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous. Every one says that now our behavior is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when I was only a shy, awkward, country girl; but now, my lord, we should be laughed at."

"Then, Kate, let us be laughed at. I for one am longing for it—dying for it. If 'Time shall run back and fetch the age of gold,' why not Love? Let us go back four whole years and a half. Will you, Kate?—dearest, sweetest Kate?"

"We should have to run away to the country, Richard. And now I think of it, I have not been at Esher since we—were—married—love."

When such a conversation as this was prolonged for five hours, it was little wonder that my lord's valet and my lady's maid received orders to pack valises and trunks, or that the next day Esher Hall was in a happy tumult of preparation.

Love comes better late than never, and Lady Kate always told herself that she never could have been as happy in those sweet old gardens with her lover as she was with her husband. Probably they were both as perfectly satisfied as it is possible for human love to be; for, greatly to the amazement of the fashionable world, they not only spent the whole summer alone in their country home, but actually, when they came back to London, had the courage to appear, in the very height of the season, in the same box at the opera.

"Really, Kate," says Miss Selina, "I never was so astonished. The gentleman on your left—"

"Is always at my right now, dear. He will never be in the opposition again."

"How delightful!"

"For us? Oh yes. Charming."

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

THE following notes were taken in the Dolma Baktché Palace, during the reign of "Merrie Abdul-Aziz" of unfortunate memory. My occupations in that dull residence I need not describe. The *pilaf* and strange dishes of fish were varied with an occasional hamper from Paris containing Camembert and asparagus from the Catacombs. In the evening select *troupes* played pocket editions of *Giroflé-Girofla* or *Les Cents Vierges*; but the spirit of Oriental intrigue was always uppermost, and gloomy foreshadowings of what was coming seemed to meet one at the end of every corridor. To avoid falling into some petty *camarilla*, and with a wholesome, if silly, dread of the traditional sack which sometimes cuts short a Turkish woman's life, I resolved to turn my back on Eastern politics, and try to find out, instead, the strange tricks of Mohammedan hygiene. Scientific men, as a rule, think that the question of toilet accessories is beneath them, although medical men are agreed in the opinion that the human body wants much grooming; and a first-class Paris physician, Dr. Constantin James, has dug out from the recesses of the classic past a very complete description of what went to make up the external adornments of a Roman matron. Judging from the appliances found in the museum at Naples, and what we read in Ovid and Martial, we may be quite certain that the daughters of ancient Rome had a compendium not unlike that of the present day to guide them in their bath-room, or as they sat with mirrors in their hands which would scarcely satisfy a modern coquette.

I have seen a Georgian woman bought in the market, who lost every outward semblance of her humble origin, and by means of certain preparations became so queenly in appearance that I could never approach her without a flutter, although she could not read, and was wofully ignorant. Her voice was harsh and unsympathetic; but if she remained silent, her beauty was irresistible. There were many things in the notes which I have taken that can scarcely be brought within the scope of this brief sketch. Some of the strange hints are fugitive, and hard to string together. After all, it was only upon the fly-leaf of a Book of Hours belonging to Isabella of Hungary that the wondrous component parts of Hungary water were found. The hermit who gave her the recipe, she never saw again; and at seventy-two she declined to marry the amorous King of Poland, out of grateful remembrance to her benefactor, whom she chose to look upon as the Angel Gabriel. Nothing can equal the secrecy of women on the subject of their growing years, or on the methods they employ to compound with time. When, some years ago, an adventuress had been persistently defrauding women of fashion by her nostrums, it is somewhat remarkable that in no instance was there any revelation made by one customer or victim to another, although many of them were personal friends.

When Eastern women have been tender with me, the last proof of that tenderness has been the telling of a secret for the bath or toilet, a luscious paste for the lips, or a subtle liquid to make the eyes as dreamy as those of Sappho, or as seraphic as those of Teresa of Avila. The recipe for removing wrinkles used by Madame Vestris, in the days when the *Island of Jewels* was played at the London Lyceum, came originally from the East, and is now in the possession of a retired French actress, who rejoices in its use, and is aided in her attempt to wrestle with time by the fact that her *acte de naissance* was burned during the Commune. I give it for what it is worth, adding that I have only just received permission to do so. Vestris used to drive down to old Joseph Floris, at Acton, for the compounds in the early morning. On one occasion she met him coming out of the Catholic chapel in Warwick Street, and pointing smilingly to the confessional box, he said, "Be sure and keep my lily roots a secret." When Mr. Floris used to prepare the mixture in the laboratory under his shop in Jermyn Street, the warehouse man made holiday at a neighboring tavern, and no one saw what passed until Joseph Floris came out, bare-headed, to the carriage, with one of his bunches of roses in his hand, and a jar carefully wrapped up in white paper and sealed. The secret was this. A number of white garden lily roots were boiled down, after being carefully scraped. The juice was strained off, and then mixed with honey and melted white wax. This was incorporated into a pomade, and applied to the face every night, to remain on till morning. When one considers that Vestris was a *cabotine* down to the ends of her finger-nails, as the French say, that she breathed all her life the pernicious air of an actress's dressing-room, and used all the compounds in which they rejoice, the remembrance of her youthful appearance may give an importance to this recipe which it might not otherwise possess. Not that I have much faith in the efficacy of any unguent, or mere toilet appliance, unless it forms a portion of a carefully worked system of hygiene. Two hours' sleep before midnight during a month's summer holiday will brighten the eye far more than successive applications of Florida water in the small hours of the morning; just as the internal use of sulphur might make a better complexion than the placing of extracts and milks of the same substance on the face. If I were making use of a big word, I should call the wondrous cosmetics and lotions that go to make up a pretty woman's dressing-table the exuberance of hygiene.

The bath is naturally the foundation of all supplementary unguents, and the greatest mistake that can be made is the appliance of anything to the skin in patches. The first step in the unction of the body is the *massage*, or joint-rubbing process, used in Eastern baths, and now transplanted to the *hammams* of Christian capitals. Those who, for reasons of health, can not take Turkish baths, would do well not to deprive themselves of the benefit of the *massage*, for without it the action of harmless dermophiles like milk of roses may be positively pernicious. And here one may call attention to a branch of the subject which I find neglected in Oriental hygiene. The skin should be treated according to its special quality. Thus unguents may be beneficial where the body-covering is dry; but a farinaceous system will undoubtedly be preferable where the cellular tissue is abundant. A bath with bran is the starting-point in the use of all powders based upon rice or starch, and wrongly called violet powder. There have been grave controversies of late upon the component parts of these powders; but there are trustworthy manufacturers in England who have never sold anything deleterious; and the matter is scarcely worth discussing, for the use of plain starch, either powdered or liquid, will answer every purpose.

The first cosmetic is, after all, ordinary soap. The idea that the complexion is improved by not using this mild detergent is a delusion. The soap used in ancient Rome was nearly liquid, and it was in some period of the Middle Ages that an unknown citizen of Marseilles invented the lathering substance which has now become so indispensable. Here Paris has completely eclipsed Constantinople, and I found the *savon de Thridace*, and other tablets well known to the modern French woman of fashion, amongst the numerous local appliances used by Turkish women. The only remark I have to make on this subject is to discourage the use of strongly perfumed soaps. I am rather doubtful of all of them, and particularly where the colors are bright. Thus the brilliant green, which is supposed to be the outward semblance of lettuce, is often produced by oxide of chrome. Brown soaps are more harmless, the color being simply brought out by means of caramel, or, in plain English, burned sugar. But white curd soap is undoubtedly the best, because it is carefully boiled, and contains no coloring matter whatever. There is one perfume which does not seem to have made very much advance in other countries, and has the merit of being perfectly harmless. Russia leather is proverbially odorous, and to those women who wish to have fragrance without that *parfum interlope* which seems to cling round certain scents, I commend the extract of *cuir de Russie* as unusually rich and mellow.

The hands, of course, require separate saponaceous treatment, and we are at once met by two utterly different methods—one founded upon the acids, and the other upon emulsions. Lemons undeniably whiten a certain texture of hand, but they are not infallible, and sometimes produce irritation. The safest compound founded upon the acid treatment is very simple, and consists of brown Windsor soap, a little of the Klosterfrau eau-de-Cologne, and the juice of one lemon. The dazzling white hand of poor Aimée Desclée, when she created the principal part of *Frou Frou*, she owed to this preparation. Her Majesty the Queen of England was in the habit of using, until lately, a *pâte* composed of the yolks of fresh eggs, bitter almonds, and Minorca honey. The recipe was of Moorish origin, and the Coptic bishops use it in their liturgy, and for the unction of the sick. Those who have paid the homage of kissing that highly cultured hand may be glad to know the simple but historic anointing by which its beauties have been developed. The expression, "Came into court with clean hands," has a covert meaning, for, as a mark of respect, nothing has ever been more practiced than manual hygiene. The late Mr. Bellew told me that he owed half his success as a public reader to the care he bestowed upon his hands. Even amongst the Latin saints, Catherine of Siena completely opposed the notion that study and asceticism lost ground where the body was kept in sparkling condition. What applies to muscular development is equally correct of smaller details. The functional character of the eyelids can be materially helped by soothing lotions or an hour's walk in the shelter of a wood, or, if that be impracticable, through green meadows. It is most important to bear in mind that hygienic culture must be helped out by a thoughtful treatment which goes below the surface.

The nails are the chiefest evidence of the fact that Nature can not be left to herself. The standard of perfection is a filbert-nut, and much trouble is sometimes required to reach it. A *Hammangi Bachi*, who has watched and tended the nails of many a Turkish beauty, tells me that the fingers should be soaked for a short time previous to the trimming process in a glass of rose-water, with a *soupçon* of Portugal extract. Nail-polishing must not be excessive, as it produces round white spots underneath. As for that relic of barbarism, the tinting of the nails, it is useless and coarse. There is the same difference between a well-pruned nail and a stained one as there is between a fresh plover's egg and the heaps of magenta-dyed *œufs de Pâques* which grace the windows of a Paris *crémier*.

Before concluding, a word must be said about the painting and coloring of the face, if one may be excused for calling things by their proper name. The woman who uses fictitious bloom is playing with fire. It often requires only a heated room or a laborious waltz to literally unmask her. She may injure her complexion, or she may be unjustly saddled with a reputation for levity. But when all has been said, a margin may be left for the use of color. All chemical preparations must be avoided; and girls with freckled faces will do well to bear in mind that they are not likely to forfeit the admiration of their male friends by such nut-brown evidences of health. Supposing a woman to be inordinately pale, the question at once arises, "Shall she use color?" Personally, I am quite decided that the answer is in the affirmative, and that it is only the women with red faces who reprove the habit so strongly. If tinted ribbons are allowed, if the silvery streak may be erased from the hair by cosmetic, then it is illogical and pharisaical to forbid the use of mechanical bloom. At present it is nearly certain that the majority of the women of fashion use coloring matter in some shape or another. Of liquid carmine, the less said the better. I was speaking the other day to a prince in the world of perfumery, and on asking him the question whether any preparations of this character were harmless, he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, that just as refined Parisians would persist in drinking absinthe, so women who would not think of walking a hundred yards in the honest brilliancy of a summer sun would have no scruple in applying acids to their faces daily. If it were possible to make or preserve a carmine from the juice of fruits, the real secret would have been found; but I know one lady who has succeeded so far with the inner portions of rose and tulip leaves that she keeps a bed in her garden for this branch of her toilet. Blooms are harmless, and their crudity seems to be escaping under the patronage of modern fashion. Adolphe Bélot, in a recent novel, speaks admiringly of one of his flighty heroines coming into the room to greet a visitor, her cheeks freshly besprinkled with *véloutine*. Of course, if the century likes it, the century will have it, but the taste, like that for red mullets, will be an acquired one. In English society there is always an inclination to say of a woman that she "makes up." In Paris, even in the noble Faubourg, success in *maquillage* makes a woman a past mistress in the craft of blandishment. A fever of paganism seems every now and then to pass over Europe. That strange word *renaissance* means that at certain times people seek their vices, virtues, and artistic tastes in a period anterior to the Christian era. Just as sprawling cherubs and corpulent saints took the place of the bright symbolism and jewelled stained glass in the churches a couple of centuries ago, so when modern society seeks for unguents and fards, it goes back to Mohammedanism, and that state of the social fabric described in the Satires of Juvenal. But there can be no reason why the health and beauty of the human body should not form a science of its own. The world will grow better and wiser as it learns to treat every portion of the body with reverence and tender care. Bacon says that a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation; and the world now requires a missionary who shall gather up the lore of the past, and, stripping it of all that is puerile, shall give the same attention to the body as to a beautiful flower garden, for it is the most precious gift of our tangible existence, and the best sanctuary in which we can offer up our worship.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A TEACHER, endeavoring to familiarize a little girl with the various countries of the Western Hemisphere, with little evidence of success, finally asked: "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go through at this end, where would you come out?" "Come out?" replied the child; "why, I'd come out of the hole, miss!"

"Yes," said a Texas lawyer, who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove the murdered man wasn't there."

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself beside her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband; "I give it up."—"Why," replied the wife, hitching close up to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are beside yourself."

The clergyman who announced a sermon to old ladies had an audience of men.

An ambitious young clerk in a wholesale grocery establishment resolves to enter the civil service, and so presents himself before the examiners. One of the questions is: "What is coffee, and where does it come from?" "Oh, come now, you know," says the candidate, "I can't give away the boss; allow me to plead privilege. That's a professional secret."

When a man is standing with one foot on a truck and the other on a case on the sidewalk, and the horse suddenly starts and causes him to open like a pair of shears, the rapidity with which he can't decide what to do is one of the most insoluble phenomena of human nature.

"No, I can't stay," replied a gentleman who was invited to stay all night at the house of a friend. "Before morning my wife would be out with a lantern, like Diogenes, hunting for an honest man."

A colored man applying for a marriage license in Cincinnati was asked if he and the lady were related. "Yes, Sah," he replied. When asked how, he answered: "I thought you deluded to de tender relashuns ob luv what prevails between us at de present moment."

"I have always noticed," said a shrewd old financier, "that one dollar in my own pocket is always of more practical benefit to me than five dollars in any other man's pocket."

A young lady pupil of a high school put on a mass of false hair, pencilled her eyebrows, rouged her cheeks, etc., and then went to the Commencement and read her essay, entitled, "Deception a Prevailing Folly."

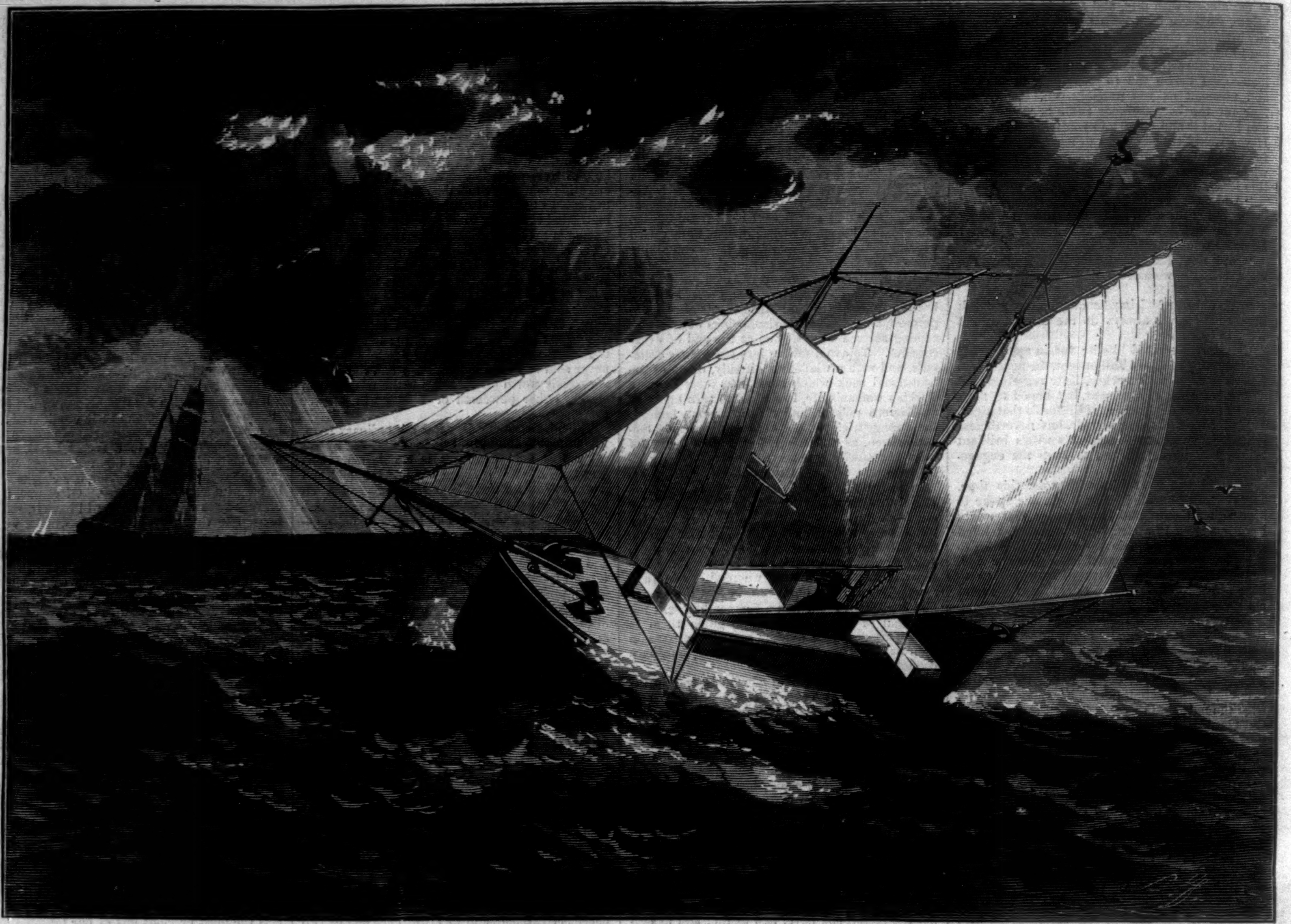
One evidence that the Egyptian desert was once a sea is that you'll find a pyramid the sand-hills.

A circular advocating a summer resort calls attention to "numerous cozy seats in forked trees and elsewhere—some of them just large enough for two persons."

Ought a baker to drive a thorough-bread horse?

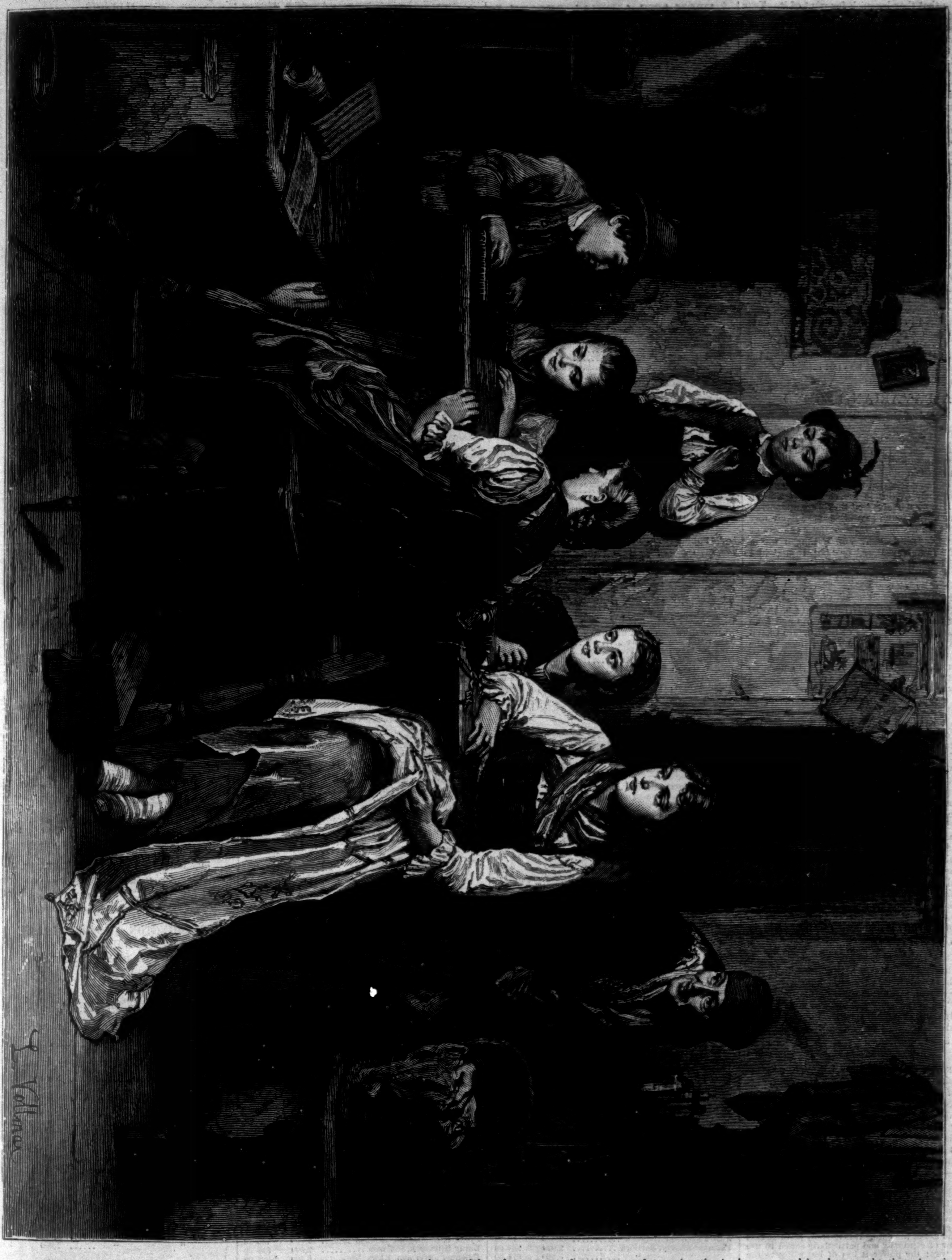
A girl may smile and smile, and be unwillin' still.

At the French Bazar in the Albert Hall a lady was dispensing tea. A solemn gentleman approached and asked the price of a cup. "One shilling," replied the lady, and he put down a shilling. Before handing him the cup the lady raised it to her lips, and observed that the price was now a sovereign. The solemn gentleman gravely replaced his shilling with a sovereign, and said: "Be good enough to give me a clean cup."



"THE LITTLE IDA."—Drawn by Neil Mitchell.—[See Page 653.]

EN ROUTE FOR KANSAS—FLEEING FROM THE YELLOW FEVER.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun., from a Sketch by H. J. Lewis.



"THE YOUNG ZITHER PLAYER."—FROM A PAINTING BY L. VOLLMAR.

THE "LITTLE IDA."

THE *Little Ida*, built by MR. JOHN ROACH, at Chester, Pennsylvania, is said to be the smallest sea-going keel yacht afloat, being only eighteen feet long. She is made of galvanized iron, with air-chambers forward and aft, and rigged so that all the halliards, sheets, reefing tackle, and steering gear work amidships, where her owner sits and handles the vessel without leaving his seat. The cooking is done on a coal-oil stove forward; and under the decks are the racks for guns, fishing tackle, charts, and other odds and ends.

More than a year ago this little craft set sail from Baltimore on a pleasure trip among the Sea Islands and along the Florida and Gulf coasts, the owner intending to winter in Florida, and spend some time in hunting along the St. Johns River. At Elizabeth City a boy was taken on board to help in working the boat. The first few days everything went well; but presently a hurricane caught the vessel and blew her out to sea, where she had a desperate struggle with the wind and waves. But she weathered the storm, and proved herself a thorough-going sea-boat.

Skirting the Florida coast to Mosquito Bar, the captain put in for the first shooting, bagging quantities of ducks, curlew, and a few bright-plumaged herons and cranes, and enjoying excellent fishing. The only serious discomfort arose from the necessity of closing up the cabin windows and companionway with muslin to keep out gnats and mosquitoes, which nearly smothered the brave sailors. They staid at the Bar a few days, but were fairly driven away at last by the insects. Sailing to Indian River, they hoped to escape these pests, and to enjoy the shooting in peace. But the insects there were even more troublesome, and the trip was pushed still further southward, through the Florida Keys to the Tortugas, and northward in the Gulf, and along the coast, without stopping, to Brazos Santiago, where stores were procured, after which the vessel returned to winter-quarters on the St. Johns.

After leaving Charleston, South Carolina, a serious error nearly proved fatal to the brave voyagers. When off Assoteague the course was lost, the Chincoteague Light being mistaken for the shoals light-ship. Steering directly on the beach, they barely escaped the shoals. At the same moment a huge wave curled over the stern, and broke completely over the boat. Luffing up, the captain got her in the trough of the sea, when a second breaker caught them broadside, driving the boat furiously toward the beach. When the third wave came, they were ready for it, and going "bows on," rode safely. Having no time to reef, they carried full sail, and beat off shore safely, with the lee cabin roof under water, and streams of water running in at the windows. Sailing out to ten fathoms, they hove to and waited for daylight, when they continued the voyage, reaching Sandy Hook safely on July 1.

DEGENERATE GHOSTS.

IT is impossible to deny that the disembodied spirits of the present day are far inferior to those of former times. The easy-going, tolerant ways of modern life are unfavorable to ghostly health. The spirits have been so long accustomed to per-

secution that they languish for want of it. Two or three hundred years ago, when they were in such evil reputation that Parliaments and potentates made it felony to have any acquaintance with them, they flourished magnificently. There was no lack of them, no want of occupation for them, and they had a mighty host of believers and agents and friends in the sixteenth century. Pope Innocent had issued a bull against all who held communion with them in the last quarter of the fifteenth; and they throve accordingly. During three months of the year 1515, 500 witches were put to death in Geneva alone. During fifteen years of the last quarter of the same century, 900 are said to have been burned in Lorraine. The golden age of witchcraft was continued to a later date, and showed no symptom of decline till the witches and sorcerers began to be let alone. Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and after them James I., made their occupation a felony without benefit of clergy, and the gallows was kept in full operation. When at last, in 1736, these laws were abolished, it was calculated that during 200 years the number of persons put to death for sorcery in England had been about 30,000. The last execution for witchcraft in England was that of a woman and her child at Huntingdon, in 1716; the last sorcerer who died for his offenses in Scotland suffered in 1722. Since then the law has said to each and every ghost, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit;" and there is some ground to suppose that the spiritual forces have construed the injunction in a way that was not intended.

A BAVARIAN LEGEND.

The legend of the wonderful equestrian Eppelein von Gailingen, the most renowned robber of his day, is thus given by a Nuremberg correspondent: "Tradition has assigned him as the favorite of the commanding chief of the bottomless pit. He flourished in the fourteenth century, and was a rival of the celebrated Counts of Brandenburg, who had their castles in the vicinity of Nuremberg. History narrates that they were all martial gentlemen, who found stealing a more lively way of living than working. Among these robbers of the early days this Herr Von Gailingen was a sort of 'Tammany Boss,' or 'big Injun,' and marvellous stories are told of his dauntless feats. This is a walled city, the moat being about fifty feet deep by eighty wide. The local guide pointed out the 'exact spot' where Herr Von Gailingen made his wonderful leap (A.D. 1380), and for the second time saved his life and limb from the exquisite agonies of the Torture Chamber. The guide informed me that, much to the joy of the Nurembergers, the great robber was recaptured, and speedily condemned to undergo the tortures of the horrible Iron Virgin. Before the day fixed for his execution the people clamored for a public exhibition of him. This being granted, he was brought forth, dressed in his armor, just as when captured. He was the possessor of a wonderful horse, said to have been presented to him by his Satanic Majesty, and to be half horse and half goblin. The name of the horse was Black Lightning. When the great chief was led forth to be exhibited, he craved one boon, and only one, and that was that he might have the pleasure of showing himself to best advantage upon the back of his favorite steed. This being granted, the charger was led forth. With a graceful bound, Von Gailingen vaulted into the saddle, gave one piercing scream to his well-trained 'Lightning,' which made three bounds over the heads of the stupid burghers, when he reached the moat. One more frightful shriek from his master, and at a single leap he cleared the moat! To this day upon the opposite wall can be seen deep and distinct indentations in the stone of a horse's two hind-feet—which proof, of course, is incontestable."

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Dr. Pierce's Memorandum Books given away by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree. The Cocoaine has earned a deserved reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Ladies dressing their hair elaborately for the evening will find that it imparts a healthy natural gloss to the hair, and will cause it to retain its shape for hours.—[*Com.*]

It is generally admitted that there cannot be anything more exquisitely delicate for perfuming the handkerchief than Murray & Lanman's Florida Water; but its great and distinctive property is its adaptability to the use of the bath. It is the only perfume that we know of especially and particularly suited to use in this way; the power it has of imparting to the waters of the bath great soothing, refreshing, and invigorating effects, is peculiar to itself.—[*Com.*]

The Sea-Shore Cottage at Atlanticville, near Long Branch, N. J., will be ready for Guests on July 1st. It is intended only for Working Girls. For terms and particulars, address or apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East 15th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., and 5 and 7 P.M. each day. Circulars sent on application.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Mutual Life Insurance Company.

[Continued from Harper's Weekly, No. 1180, August 9, 1879.]

BOSTON.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
Francis Baker	5,000	56 00
"	1,060	10 00
"	1,260	12 00
Hannah J. Newmarch	2,000	103 00
Theophilus Hopkins	250	1 00
James Lee, Jr.	10,000	3 00
"	10,000	54 00
Bradford F. Miller	5,000	26 00
James M. Parker	5,000	1,933 00
Ezra Palmer, M.D.	5,000	4,705 00
"	5,000	2,075 00
"	10,000	4,421 00
Benj. F. Campbell	10,000	73 00
Simeon B. Stone	2,500	71 00
John B. Bartlett	3,000	1,957 00
Hamilton Willis	5,000	76 00
John D. Parker, Jr.	13,000	

MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

John Stockell, Portsmouth, N. H.	3,000	38 00
John Prescott, Atkinson, N. H.	2,000	47 00
John Paine, Anson, Me.	2,000	38 00
Robert A. Roddy, Portland, Me.	2,000	156 00
" "	2,000	165 00
Ephraim G. Thurston, Bangor, Me.	2,000	1,294 00
John W. Little, Concord, N. H.	5,000	18 00
John Wilson Barron, Dexter, Me.	2,500	153 00
William H. Foye, Portland, Me.	1,000	756 00
Ammi R. H. Fernold, Portsmouth, N. H.	2,000	1,055 00
Richard Scammon, Stratham, N. H.	2,000	5 00
Charles A. Allen, Buckfield, Me.	420	50 00
Frank B. Green, Nashua, N. H.	4,000	31 00
Solomon H. Fuller, Dover, N. H.	2,500	22 00
Asa Bucknam, Eastport, Me.	2,000	82 00
Alexander Taylor, Portland, Me.	2,000	13 00
Charles Walker, Biddeford Pool, Me.	1,000	122 00
Joseph M. Livermore, Eastport, Me.	5,000	40 00
Henry C. Davis, Nashua, N. H.	3,000	17 00
Henry Rhodes, Victoria, Me.	5,000	968 00
Otis Little, Castine, Me.	3,000	44 00

RHODE ISLAND.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Cornelia A. Earle, Providence	1,000	1 00
Simeon Howard, Cumberland	1,070	89 00
Mary H. Church, Tiverton	2,500	8 00
Obadiah B. Devall, Bristol	3,200	
Charles F. Manchester, Pawtucket	8,000	200 00
Horatio N. Williams, Providence	1,000	8 00
Albert A. Baker, Providence	2,500	355 00
Benj. R. Hoxie, Barrington	5,000	69 00
Geo. B. Earle, Providence	3,000	18 00
Andrew G. Vaughn, East Greenwich	2,000	20 00
James M. Davis, Newport	1,000	486 00
Fred. H. Hayward, East Providence	5,000	9 00
Seth Padelford, Providence	20,000	211 00
Benj. V. Gallup, Providence	2,000	546 00
William Barstow, Providence	2,150	26 00
Alfred A. Reed, Providence	5,000	105 00
" "	15,000	247 00
John H. Hennessy, Providence	2,500	
" "	5,000	1 00

VERMONT.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

James Rice, Pawlet	2,000	352 00
Samuel H. Guild, Bellows Falls	1,000	63 00
" "	1,000	35 00
Horace L. Hoxsie, Milton	1,080	84 00
Daniel Corbett, Chipman's Point	1,000	10 00
Joseph R. Nash, New Haven	5,000	12 00
Henry W. Austin, Winooski Falls	1,000	16 00
Henry E. Bradford, Bennington	5,000	15 00
James H. Phelps, Bellows Falls	1,000	171 00
" "	2,000	507 00
Ansel Whedon, Pawlet	1,000	5 00
Samuel Musser, Beaver Falls	300	20 00
Albert P. Drake, Castleton	2,000	9 00
Hiram M. Marshall, Brattleboro	150	13 00
Francis Fisher, Rutland	1,000	1,233 00
George Q. Day, Rutland	1,000	90 00
" "	1,000	68 00
Alvin G. Hoadley, Castleton	300	29 00

CONNECTICUT.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Patrick Finn, Waterbury	1,000	2 00
George A. Moody, Plainville	1,000	262 00
David M. Marvin, Westport	6,000	5,525 00
Edward F. Leeds, Litchfield	15,000	
Sherman R. Warner, New Haven	2,000	31 00
Lyman W. Randall, Norwich	1,601	156 00
Martin Kaehrle, New Haven	1,000	310 00
Uriah T. Smith, Hartford	2,000	446 00
Gurdon A. Jones, Jr., Norwich	2,000	123 00
" "	3,000	16 00
" "	5,000	28 00
" "	2,500	11 00
Edward Pierson, Fairfield	3,000	1,577 00
James Burke, Meriden	500	332 00
Elias B. Meigs, Dunham	500	643 00
William Lockwood, New Canaan	2,000	1,089 00
Patrick J. O'Dwyer, Norwalk	5,000	91 00
Geo. H. Randle, Winnepock	900	80 00
Harrison W. Richmond, Brooklyn	5,000	369 00
Samuel Lynes, Norwalk	10,000	2,610 00
" "	2,800	610 00
Edwin M. Merritt, S. Norwalk	3,000	1,162 00
John J. Mott, Bridgeport	2,000	43 00
" "	1,000	3 00
Henry Stelsing, Bridgeport	2,000	249 00
William T. Comstock, S. Norwalk	5,000	
David McLauren, Stonington	1,000	4 00
David F. Banks, Fairfield	5,000	1,574 00
Charles H. Scranton, Madison	2,000	652 00
Alfred Daggett, New Haven	10,000	16 00
Adolphus B. Cornwall, Milford	5,000	36 00
John Healy, Wolcottville	230	51 00
Austin Brewster, Norwich	1,000	10 00
Thomas Galberry, Hartford	2,000	288 00
" "	3,000	677 00
Geo. Wade, Bridgeport	2,500	1,252 00
Augustus W. North, New Britain	5,000	1,256 00
Edward H. Pratt, E. Woodstock	1,000	12 00
Frederick H. Linsley, Fair Haven	200	9 00

NEW JERSEY.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
William P. McGuckin, Elizabeth	3,250	98 00
Augustus Pardee, Elizabeth	5,000	3,142 00
James H. Green, Salem	1,000	436 00
Rodman Backus, Newark	6,000	388 00
" "	4,000	5 00
James W. Tuttle, Irvington	2,500	19 00
Charles McI. Congreve, Summit	10,000	848 00
W. T. Ivins, Hightstown	3,500	605 00
Charles Girrbach, Newark	2,000	8 00
Alexander Eagles, Newark	1,000	1,030 00
L. R. Chesbrough, Elizabeth	5,000	277 00
Henry C. Worthington, Trenton	2,000	6 00
" "	750	154 00
Christiana Girrbach, Newark	1,000	4 00
Joseph C. Fuller, Orange	10,000	556 00
Alfred Eagles, Green Village	1,000	889 00
Mary D. Dean, Newark	500	402 00
William H. Chase, Jersey City	2,720	11 00
Edward D. G. Smith, Newark	1,000	497 00
Theodore H. Smith, Orange	1,000	6 00
Henry V. Jones, New Brunswick	1,000	1,040 00
Charles R. Baker, Trenton	2,100	
Henry Gerecke, Carlstadt	310	11 00
Isaac N. Decker, Newark	1,000	61 00
Geo. H. Renton, Rahway	5,000	2,590 00
Albert D. Heitman, Crawford	2,500	275 00
Chas. P. Uhle, Hackettstown	2,000	9 00
Joseph G. Jacobus, Caldwell	1,000	3 00
Harriet W. Bell, Jersey City	5,000	1,916 00
" "	3,000	11 00
John Hartshorne, Newark	500	851 00
William K. Andrews, Woodbury	5,000	15 00
Geo. M. Dawes, Newark	1,000	745 00
" "	1,000	69 00
Francis E. Lindsley, Newark	850	
John Kennedy, Belleville	1,000	432 00
" "	1,000	294 00
Theodore Giles, Bound Brook	340	27 00
John Kinmouth, Hoboken	1,000	541 00
Geo. M. Snowden, Haddonfield	2,000	93 00
Theodore P. Howell, Newark	1,000	537 00
" "	1,500	344 00
" "	2,500	313 00
" "	5,000	43 00
John Fuller, Philipsburg	1,200	308 00
" "	2,000	157 00
Chas. P. Hall, Trenton	1,000	484 00
Ezekiel Magie, Montville	1,000	1,476 00

OHIO.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Jeremy Peters, Cincinnati	5,000	3,529 00
Chas. H. Hays, "	5,000	52 00
" "	5,000	50 00
J. J. Heitmann, "	1,500	130 00
Leverett R. Hull, "	2,000	451 00
" "	2,000	346 00
" "	10,000	581 00
John H. Schroder, "	1,000	2 00
Christian Webber, "	1,000	111 00
" "	1,000	5 00
" "	2,000	97 00
John G. Attee, "	2,500	
Wm. B. Menke, "	1,000	1 00
Samuel Fichenbach, "	1,000	7 00
" "	1,000	9 00
Herman F. Krumpe, "	1,000	3 00
" "	1,000	365 00
Lambert Heemann "	5,000	22 00
Chas. Thurnauer, "	5,000	99 00
" "	5,000	77 00
Harvey de Camp, "	3,000	41 00
Benj. H. Watkins, Cleveland	1,000	30 00
Albert C. Ovialt, "	560	21 00
Geo. W. McCook, Steubenville	2,500	305 00
" "	2,070	137 00
Frank Merkle, Chillicothe	703.55	
Jacob Abel, Delphos	2,500	8 00
" "	400	16 00
William Wing, Columbus	1,000	1,441 00
Byron S. Chase, Akron	5,000	14 00
G. H. McElevey, Youngstown	830	117 00
Isaac W. Caldwell, Oxford	3,000	179 00
Frederick Sprain, Akron	2,000	1 00
Chas. W. Guernsey, Cleveland	1,500	22 00
John B. Oerl, Cleveland	2,000	20 00
" "	2,000	16 00
Robert McMurray, Wapakonita	2,000	40 00
Johanna de War, Middleburg	1,000	4 00
William Broadbeck, Columbus	190	17 00
Henry T. Wells, Toledo	1,000	2 00
James W. McCracken, Mount Gilead	1,000	40 00
Caspar Smith, Wapakonita	360	27 00
Gustavus A. Lowman, Canton	10,000	36 00
John M. Galbreath, Bellefontaine	1,000	171 00
William Croley, Cleveland	1,000	2 00
Ethan R. Allen, Akron	320	12 00
Lawrence Schroder, St. Bernard	5,000	5 00
J. L. W. Mallenkoph, Chillicothe	2,000	817 00
David Moore, Twin Township	20,000	71 00
David D. Morgan, Jackson	2,000	5 00
Quinn Clark, London	1,000	185 00
Homer Calhoun, Dayton	3,000	12 00
" "	1,500	1 00
Geo. T. Hermann, Chillicothe	1,000	39 00
Jno. Meisen, Wapakonita	1,000	8 00
Solomon Schwab, Cleveland	2,000	36 00
John H. Roney, Columbus	1,000	1 00
" "	1,000	1 00
Hamilton Colton, Milan	2,000	1,496 00
Charles Klemm, Zanesville	1,000	

MICHIGAN.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Francis E. Chambers, Detroit	2,000	12 00
Bernard L. Meister, Bay City	3,000	17 00
Georg Wagner, Monroe City	500	6 00
Chas. F. Trowbridge, Ann Arbor	5,000	1 00
Jno. Baur, Manistee	1,000	75 00
Francis W. Lawson, Wayne Co.	3,000	9 00
Richard Worm, Grand Rapids	1,000	1 00
John O. Adams, Ishpeming	1,000	17 00
Ephraim French, Flint	1,250	148 00
Jerome B. Fritzgerald, Niles	3,000	19 00
John Rode, Monroe	1,000	7 00
John J. Bredé, Detroit	2,000	10 00
Alex. H. Sibley, Detroit	10,000	2,987 00
Russel H. Bennett, Detroit	5,000	1,396 00
Geo. A. Mitchell, Cadillac	10,000	67 00
Johan B. Widmann, Bay City	2,000	16 00
Frederick Lingemann, Detroit	3,000	16 00
David E. Shaw, Hampton	2,550	52 00
John H. Beach, Cold Water	1,000	259 00
Albert Eichelmann, Adrian	500	11 00
John L. Roake, Greenville	1,000	123 00
Ambrose S. Berry, Adrian	5,000	184 00

WISCONSIN.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Anton Felkel, Watertown	1,000	8 00
Lucas M. Eastman, Oshkosh	1,000	125 00
" "	4,000	290 00
Frederic W. Jacobi, Milwaukee	1,500	6 00
Daniel M. Whitney, Green Bay	1,000	646 00
Edward H. Ball, Milwaukee	5,000	29 00
" "	5,000	38 00
Henry G. V. Bertram, Juneau	3,000	2 00
Lewis Doering, Watertown	2,000	79 00
Otis B. Hopkins, Milwaukee	3,000	42 00
Anthony Van Inwagen, Racine	4,000	4,248 00
Cyrus C. Remington, Baraboo	2,500	746 00
Emily Hitchcock, Jefferson	2,500	323 00
Emanuel Silverman, Milwaukee	5,000	1,607 00

INDIANA.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Zera C. Thomas, Kendallville	2,000	1 00
Samuel W. Johnson, Washington	6,000	15 00
Joseph Green, Logansport	1,000	277 00
Jacob Glutting, Fort Wayne	1,000	23 00
William McFee, Fort Wayne	1,000	3 00
Wesley H. Adkinson, Vevay	1,000	162 00
" "	3,000	21 00
John P. Butz, Vevay	1,000	1 00
Theoph. C. Philips, Kokomo	1,500	1 00
Chauncy W. Fitch, Jeffersonville	1,000	578 00
" "	500	6 00
Dennis Holden, Indianapolis	1,000	7 00
Frederick Foellinger, S. Wayne	1,000	10 00
William B. Wharton, Terre Haute	5,000	28 00
Daniel Kurtz, Lafayette	550	14 00
William R. Bowes, Michigan City	5,000	5 00
William S. Toan, Plymouth	2,000	34 00
James T. Davis, Kokomo	400	80 00
David W. Tillapaugh, Goshen	1,000	4 00

ILLINOIS.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
John K. McDonald, Chicago	3,000	58 00
Alfred N. Hazen, Dixon	3,060	44 00
Jeremiah H. Lyford, Rock Island Co.	2,000	1,591 00
Lewis Turner, Kane	940	71 00
Carl J. Kister, Lake View	2,000	119 00
Henry C. Meslor, Lena	500	179 00
William Bryden, Carbondale	5,000	38 00
William Rueckles, Peoria	2,000	13 00
Peter B. Greff, Chicago	2,000	5 00
Henry L. Neermann, Alton	2,600	7 00
William H. Jones, Dixon	1,000	6 00
Benj. E. Miles, Washington	1,200	2 27
Asahel Howe, Chicago	230	287 00
Myron J. Lathrop, Peoria	5,000	68 00
John Lutz, Peoria	5,000	72 00
Chas. B. Hale, Chicago	5,000	75 00
" "	3,000	25 00
" "	12,000	73 00
Edmund W. Crittenden, Allen Township	2,000	6 00
Edwin S. Ferris, Galesburg	5,000	14 00
William B. Gale, Chicago	2,000	84 00
" "	2,000	106 00
William H. Clarke, Chicago	1,000	129 00
John B. Calhoun, Hyde Park	1,400	136 00
" "	2,400	224 00
" "	1,000	10 00
James Welsh, Chicago	10,000	11 00
John F. Carter, Chicago	5,000	4,653 00
" "	10,000	1,735 00
Harry Horwitz, Chicago	1,500	241 00
Abraham Leiberman, Chicago	5,000	24 00
" "	2,500	14 00
Charles D. Wells, Macomb	1,000	4 00
Roswell Waldo, Cairo	3,000	4 00
William H. W. Cushman, Ottawa	20,000	7,679 00
Rensselaer Greenman, near Dixon	2,100	188 00
Harry Taylor, Alton	5,000	13 00
" "	3,000	10 00

IOWA.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Lewis B. Ayers, Oskaloosa	1,500	6 00
Cyrus T. Huffman, Madison Co.	5,000	10 00
William H. Weeks, Cedar Rapids	2,000	22 00
Charles G. Hargus, Dubuque	1,000	9 00
John W. Hunter, Burlington	250	
Horatio S. Brayton, State Centre	2,000	152 00
David Thoma, Fairfield	2,000	26 00
Hugo Schmidt, Davenport	2,000	11 00
Edward K. Buell, Keokuk	5,000	21 00
Mortimer E. Gillette, Burlington	1,000	4 00
" "	1,000	11 00
Fatima Rathbun, Lyons	1,000	5 00
Charles A. Brantigan, Burlington	915	9 00
Frederick Houseman, Clinton	725	
Lodovick S. Davies, Davenport	10,000	71 00
James Clark, Binghamton	450	3 00

MARYLAND.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

R. H. Snowden, Baltimore	2,000	1,651 00
" "	2,000	1,184 00
Johann Schuster, Baltimore	1,300	25 00
William Hunt, Baltimore	5,000	84 00
" "	1,500	25 00
Daniel C. Tolson, Baltimore	1,000	58 00
Allen S. Barnum, Baltimore	3,000	38 00
John M. Hynes, Baltimore	1,000	4 00
William L. Lazear, Baltimore	5,000	182 00
John J. Hurst, Baltimore	5,000	45 00
Frederick Brune, Baltimore	10,000	189 00
Horace W. Robbins, Baltimore	15,000	244 00
Horatio N. Vail, Baltimore	5,000	1,273 00
Geo. W. Robinson, Baltimore	25,000	34 00
Jesse O. Rust, Baltimore	1,000	1 00
Henry C. L. Holthusen, Baltimore	3,000	628 00
Drucilla Pollitt, Princess Anne	2,000	44 00
Ritchie Fooks, Wicomico	5,000	679 00
William Brewer, Annapolis	1,000	31 00
William R. Beall, Cumberland	3,000	355 00
" "	2,000	33 00
Daniel G. Huyett, near Cavetown	3,500	410 00
Ichabod B. Eastman, Stunner's Run	6,650	
Paris Corey, Frederick City	1,000	5 00
Josiah Haley, Cumberland	295	4 00
Charles Robb, Cumberland	5,000	236 00

DELAWARE.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Sketchley Morton, Morton	7,500	27 00
Joseph McDaniel, Dover	4,000	3,926 00
Geo. M. Davis, Bridgeville	1,500	21 00
William Freeston, Leipsic	1,000	5 00

WASHINGTON AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Geo. R. Thompson, Washington	490	
J. M. Van Buskirk, Washington	10,000	10 00
Abraham G. Smith, Washington	5,000	45 00
Alexander Johnston, Washington	2,500	1,042 00
Warrington Sommers, Washington	2,500	10 00
John R. McDaniel, Washington	5,000	84 00
Ralph King, Georgetown	1,000	1,165 00

VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Henry G. Gill, Herndon	5,000	51 00
" "	2,600	15 00
Carter R. Bishop, Petersburg	10,000	86 00
" "	5,000	69 00
John O. Chiles, Richmond	410	10 00
" "	260	16 00
Michael G. Harman, Richmond	20,000	252 00
John J. Sturdivant, Norfolk	2,500	10 00
James C. Janney, Hillsboro	2,500	71 00
Charles Lehmann, Richmond	1,000	40 00
Powell Harrison, Leesburg	10,000	73 00
Joseph A. Turner, Botetourt Springs	600	47 00
Henry D. Danforth, Richmond	5,000	21 00
William M. Fitzhugh, Fairfax Co.	1,200	753 00
John W. Paddon, Waverly	2,000	178 00
" "	5,000	9 00
William Heburn, Wheeling, W. Va.	650	5 00
Samuel Q. A. Burche, Parkersburg, W. V.	1,280	9 00
Robert J. Burlington, Richmond	1,000	3 00
" "	1,000	3 00

KENTUCKY.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Josiah Veech, Owensboro	1,000	
Richard Apperson, Jr., Mt. Sterling	5,000	1,305 00
Morbourn Arterburn, Jefferson Co.	1,620	12 00
Thomas V. Rodman, Curdsville	3,000	780 00
Henry C. Catlett, Hickman	5,000	100 00
John Duffy, Louisville	1,000	164 00
" "	2,000	14 00
Robert M. Cunningham, Louisville	2,500	1,736 00
Eusebius Hutchings, Louisville	5,000	4,483 00

TENNESSEE.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

James S. Halsey, Shelby Co.	1,000	658 00
Alfred H. Hicks, Jr., Nashville	2,000	
William A. Gleaves, Nashville	2,970	28 00
Samuel A. Pierson, Knoxville	2,000	7 00
Thomas J. Carlile, Chattanooga	1,000	180 00
Benj. F. Raysdall, Chattanooga	5,000	793 00
Charles G. Fisher, Memphis	5,000	3 00

	Amt. Policy.	Additions.
John G. Lonsdale, Sr., Memphis	5,000	4,868 00
“ “	5,000	4,030 00
Theodore W. Holst, Memphis	10,000	556 00
William C. Woodruff, Memphis	530	21 00
Patrick Burns, Memphis	1,000	6 00

MINNESOTA, COLORADO, AND NEVADA.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Henry Eschle, St. Paul, Minn	1,000	7 00
Jno. C. Becht, St. Paul, Minn	3,000	21 00
Erastus Guard, Taylor's Falls, Minn	2,000	14 00
Michael Comer, Eagantown, Minn	3,000	13 00
Constant Villaumie, Winona, Minn	2,000	11 00
Henry J. Owen, Colorado Springs, Col.	3,000	18 00
Annie V. Wolff, Virginia City, Nev	1,000	8 00
Arthur J. Hutchinson, Carson City, Nev.	5,000	31 00
Silas H. Kitchell, Colorado Springs, Col.	500	712 00
“ “	200	285 00
“ “	200	285 00
“ “	200	285 00
“ “	200	285 00
“ “	200	285 00
John W. Safley, Denver, Col	2,860	71 00
“ “	2,330	54 00
John Randall, Gold Hill, Nev	5,000	43 00
Maria T. F. Koch, Denver, Col	2,000	14 00

KANSAS, ARKANSAS, AND TEXAS.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Clement C. McAtee, Helena, Ark	380	4 00
Walter T. Jaquith, Milford, Kansas	1,060	11 00
Cyrus S. Martindale, Topeka, Kansas	2,000	1 00
Hurbert A. McCaleb, Humboldt, Ark	218	——
Fountain Jones, Waco, Texas	1,020	60 00

MISSOURI AND TERRITORIES.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Oscar F. A. Summers, Clarkton, Mo	5,000	30 00
Francis Wiltram, St. Louis, Mo	2,000	17 00
“ “	260	2 00
Henry Ganz, Kansas City, Mo	2,625	224 00
John E. Mobley, Carthage, Mo	2,000	12 00
Edmund G. Pallen, St. Louis, Mo	5,000	480 00
Corydon D. C. Barbour, Meadville, Mo.	1,000	12 00
Joseph L. Hubbard, St. Louis, Mo	1,000	1 00
Diederich Mueller, St. Louis, Mo	3,000	69 00
“ “	2,000	6 00
James B. Clemens, St. Louis, Mo	5,000	——
Edwin C. Sloan, St. Louis, Mo	3,000	1,182 00
“ “	5,000	71 00
John Evans, Green Co., Mo	3,300	15 00
Samuel W. Hastings, St. Louis, Mo	20,000	123 00
Michael Bergen, St. Louis, Mo	7,000	——
Joseph Eisterbold, Rich Fountain, Mo.	1,000	20 00
Edwin W. De Barr, St. Louis, Mo	7,000	34 00
William K. Kidd, Hannibal, Mo	570	62 00
Nathaniel D. Tirrell, St. Louis, Mo	2,000	993 00
George P. Burrall, Cheyenne, Washington Ter	550	73 00
John Carroll, Omaha, Neb	660	7 00
Dennis Linehan, Tuscarora, Neb	5,000	1,326 00
Frank Welch, Neligh, Neb	5,000	28 00
Henry P. Finegan, Red Cloud, Neb	840	152 00
Benjaman Ittner, Omaha, Neb	2,500	22 00
Charles O. Cragin, St. Louis, Mo	5,000	1,800 00
Charles W. Cak, Moberly, Mo	1,000	2 00
Thomas R. Allen, Allentown, Mo	2,000	17 00
“ “	500	4 00
George W. Orme, Steelville, Mo	2,000	2 00

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Theodore L. Schell, San Francisco	5,000	52 00
Nathan Coombs, Napa City, Cal	10,000	372 00
Amelia Bayreuther, San Francisco	2,500	21 00
Alexander N. Stevenson, Sutter Co	5,000	12 00
Levi Wilsey, San Francisco	5,000	242 00
Henry Overmohle, San Francisco	5,000	35 00
John Mosher, San Francisco	2,500	17 00
Vibella E. Phipps, Oakland	2,000	[illegible] 90
Francis Maillot, Alameda	10,000	77 00
R. A. Clendening, San Buenaventura	2,000	23 00
Fred. W. Myrick, San Francisco	5,000	15 00
Sophie Viehl, San Francisco	2,000	19 00
Joseph C. Johnston, San Francisco	2,000	113 00
Andrew F. Lockhead, Stockton	1,000	4 00
“ “	875	19 00
Ferdinand G. Matson, San Francisco	290	——
John W. Ames, San Rafael	5,000	36 00
William F. Templeton, Kern Co	1,310	102 00
Lewis T. Delavan, Grass Valley	1,000	——
William B. Thornburgh, N. Temescal	10,000	1,174 00
“ “	10,000	1,267 00
Alberto R. Earl, Douglas City	2,000	661 00
Henry K. White, Benicia Township	1,000	4 00
“ “	1,000	3 00
“ “	1,000	1 00
John Blasauf, Nevada City, Cal	3,000	376 00
Gerard J. C. J. Wolfes, Alameda	5,000	25 00
J. G. McIntyre, Chico, Cal	5,000	34 00
Thomas H. Stanway, Los Angeles	5,000	72 00
John Mudgett, Napa City	1,000	7 00
“ “	5,000	42 00
“ “	5,000	2,088 00
Nelson O. Stafford, Santa Ana	1,000	264 00
Isaac Friedlander, San Francisco	10,000	1,102 00
David Held, San Francisco	5,000	934 00
“ “	5,000	263 00
Elihu Mattoon, Butte Co	5,000	158 00
F. J. Brown, Soquel	1,000	379 00
James B. Holden, San Francisco	2,000	46 00
David W. Sronte, Garberville	2,000	18 00
Thomas Connolly, San Francisco	5,000	1 00
John Keleher, Eureka	5,000	587 00
Willard G. Wayman, San Francisco	5,000	31 00
“ “	5,000	34 00
Charles Weber, Jr., San Francisco	3,000	17 00
Henry H. Haight, Alameda	5,000	362 00
John H. Lubmann, near Frenchtown	2,000	9 00
Julius Steing, Stockton	575	36 00
William G. English, Sacramento	5,000	28 00
Seth Robinson, San Francisco	2,500	108 00
Robert Apple, San Francisco	5,070	550 00
John G. Briggs, Sutter Co	1,500	——
Charles A. Haunstein, Portland, Or	2,000	23 00
John J. Kellogg, Jordan Valley, Or	2,000	21 00
Thomas H. Cox, Salem, Or	3,000	10 00

SOUTHERN STATES.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Samuel M. Wellborn, Russell Co., Ala	5,000	——
“ “	5,000	——
John C. Porter, Aiken Co., S. C.	1,400	164 00
Thomas M. Jackson, Savannah, Ga	2,500	——
William C. O'Driscoll, Savannah, Ga	6,000	4,826 00
Thomas J. Perry, Rome, Ga	1,000	96 00
Aaron F. Nunnally, Atlanta, Ga	2,000	1 00
Joseph Bernheim, New Orleans	790	163 00
Isaac W. Arthur, New Orleans	8,000	7,583 00

FOREIGN STATES.

POLICIES PAID BY MUTUAL LIFE, 1878.

Rush F. Mason, London, England	4,000	2,741 00
Charles Bockus, Picton, Ont	2,960	230 00
J. S. Christie, Jr., Honolulu, H. I.	1,500	83 00
“ “	3,500	2 00
George A. Lathrop, Sandwich I.	7,000	58 00
James A. Inches, St. Stephen, N. B.	1,000	5 00
“ “	1,000	2 00
John N. Tretheway, New Germany, N.S.	401	24 00
“ “	300	25 00
Charles E. Pope, N. Westminster, British Col.	4,000	247 00
Louis Renaud, St. Martine, Can	10,000	3,380 00
David Kurtz, Victoria, B. C.	3,000	9 00

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THE GREAT SKIN CURE,

Infallibly Cures.

Cuticura, assisted by Cuticura Soap, is earnestly believed to be the only positive Specific Remedy for the cure of Salt-Rheum or Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, Pushes, Chin Whelk, Psoriasis, Pemphigus, Impetigo, Leprosy, Lichen, Prurigo, Itch, Ground Itch, Barber's Itch, Jackson's Itch, Rough and Cracked Skins, and all Vesicular and Scaly Eruptions and Irritations of the Skin; Scald-Head, Dandruff, Dry, Thin, and Falling Hair, Premature Baldness, and all Scaly Eruptions, Itchings, and Irritations of the Scalp; Scrofulous Ulcers, Sores, and Discharging Wounds; Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Itching Piles, Pain and Inflammation; Rheumatism and Affections of the Muscles and Joints; Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Croup, and Hoarseness. In all cases of Blood and Skin Humors, the Cuticura Resolvent should be taken internally until some time after a cure is effected.

SKIN DISEASES.

A severe case of five years' duration entirely cured.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen*,—For the benefit of the world I wish to make this statement: I have been afflicted with a skin disease for about five years, and have tried almost everything that I could hear of, without any relief whatever, until I saw your Cuticura Remedies advertised, and concluded to try them.

I certify that I only used them about six weeks until I was entirely well; but before I commenced using them, my face, breast, and back were almost a solid scab, and I often scratched the blood from my body. I am now entirely well, and think your Cuticura Remedies are the best for skin diseases that ever was brought before the public.

Very gratefully yours, F. M. Fox.
Caddo, Ind. Ter., *Feb.* 21, 1879.

SALT-RHEUM.

Helpless for eight years—Unable to walk. Got about on hands and knees. A wonderful cure.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen*,—I have had a most wonderful cure of Salt-Rheum. For seventeen years I suffered with Salt-Rheum; I had it on my head, face, neck, arms, and legs. I was not able to walk, only on my hands and knees, for one year. I have not been able to help myself for eight years. I tried hundreds of remedies; not one had the least effect. The doctors said my case was incurable. So my parents tried everything that came along. I saw your advertisement, and concluded to try Cuticura Remedies. The first box of Cuticura brought the Humor to the surface of my skin. It would drop off as it came out, until now I am entirely well. All I can say is, I thank you most heartily for my cure. Any person who thinks this letter a fraud, let them write or come and see me, and find out for themselves.

Yours truly, Will McDonald.
1315 Butterfield St.,
Chicago, Ill., *March* 4, 1879.

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Medicinal and Toilet,

Is prepared from Cuticura in a modified form, and is positively indispensable in the treatment of Skin and Scalp Diseases. We recommend it for the preservation of the Skins of infants, for gentlemen who shave and are troubled with tender faces, for those who desire a clean and wholesome Skin and Scalp, and for all purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

The Cuticura Remedies are prepared by Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington St., Boston, and for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, $1. Resolvent, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25 cents per cake; by mail, 30 cents; three cakes, 75 cents.

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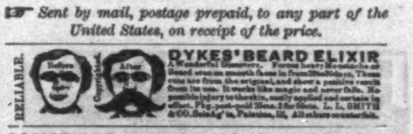

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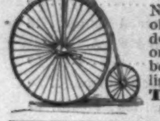

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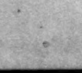

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Boulogne-sur-Mer is *par excellence* the resort of the French when they go to the sea-side. It is also equally attractive to foreigners, who congregate there in large numbers. Nearly a tenth of the population is English, and the English tongue is heard on every side. The town is divided into two parts—the old town, or Haute Ville, and the new town, or Basse Ville, the latter containing all the best hotels and lodging-houses and the largest shops. The Établissement des Bains at Boulogne is one of the most magnificent in the world. The part reserved for ladies comprises a grand salon, a retiring-room, a refreshment-salon, and a music-room, all with suitable conveniences. The portion expressly for gentlemen has, also, a billiard-room and other arrangements for amusement. These two divisions are suitably situated, and form but a single exterior, connected by parlors with an immense assembly or ball room, decorated with Ionic columns and pilasters. The French designate commonly under the title of *bains à la lame* (wave) a sudden and short immersion repeated at intervals a greater or less number of times. There are also baths by prolonged immersion. At Boulogne there are arrangements made by which if the bather desires complete privacy it may be obtained. Elegant and commodious carriages, which form also graceful little toilet-rooms, and which can, indeed, easily hold several persons, are attached to the hotel. These are drawn by horses accustomed to this kind of work, which take the carriages some distance into the sea, and then remain perfectly stationary. A linen tent is so adjusted that the bathers are screened from view, and can enjoy their plunge into the salt-water without being exposed to the gaze of curious spectators. Each carriage is accompanied by swimmers, who are on hand in case of any accident. These carriages are chiefly patronized by invalids or foreigners, for, as already suggested, the French like to enjoy their baths, as they do their meals, in good and lively company.

Biarritz is a French watering-place that enjoyed an exceeding popularity during the days of NAPOLEON III., who, with his family, spent a large portion of his summers there. The principal bath-

ing-place is the Port Vieux—a deep bay with smooth sloping sands and high rocks on either side, which serve as a protection from the force of the waves, and keep the water tolerably smooth for swimmers. There is an "établissement," a sort of wooden chalet forming three sides of a square, fitted up for bathers, with galleries and seats for spectators, and a café and band stand attached. These sands are the great rendezvous for visitors at Biarritz, but there are also many favorable positions on the rocks above for watching the evolutions of the bathers. Some distance from Port Vieux, near the Maison Rouge, there is a place where the bathers are more numerous, less select, not quite so particular in their costume, and a little more reckless in their frolics. In this more exposed part of the bay of Biarritz the great Atlantic waves come in with a long unbroken sweep, and with a strength and weight that can be understood by listening to the distant booming sound against the rocks that guard the Port Vieux. It is no easy task for even a good swimmer to hold his own against the long sweep of one of these waves, which steals treacherously in with scarcely a ripple on its surface until within a few feet of shore, when it curls over in a mass of foam that is difficult to rise to, and will sometimes drag the swimmer down as if he were in the clutches of the devil-fish in VICTOR HUGO'S *Toilers of the Sea*.

There are sites for villas within a very short distance south of Biarritz from which glorious views of the Pyrenees may be obtained, and which are not overlooked by any house. But instead of selecting such localities, the Empress EUGÉNIE chose a situation for the villa bearing her name which is commanded by all Biarritz. Indeed, so public is the formerly imperial domain that persons may walk on high ground within a couple of hundred yards of the house. The Empress, however, apparently had no taste for privacy, for she had her bathing tent within a very short distance of the public boxes, and might have been seen bathing daily by any one curious enough to walk along the strand. The Prince Imperial, whose sad fate is just now the cause of so much lament in certain circles of France, was frequently to be seen here beside his mother. One writer, who visited Biarritz in Napoleonic days, describes the bright and eager little lad as follows: "On the morning after my arrival I saw the young Prince taken out for an airing. He was mounted on a jet-black pony, which was decked with artificial flowers, and covered with a red velvet housing. The child was also as gay as velvet, lace, and flowers could make him, and thus he was promenaded about in the most public manner, to the amusement of all, and to the delight of those lovers of the Napoleonic dynasty, who, judging by his rosy little cheeks and bright eyes, hope that he has a fair chance of battling, when time is ripe and claimants many, for his father's throne."

The evenings at Biarritz are devoted to all kinds of amusements in and out of doors. Balls take place at the large hotels, and fancy fairs, juggling, improvising, and dancing are carried on within a few yards of the edge of the cliff, and within hearing of the grand and deep roll of the great waves which break below. During the residence of the Empress at Biarritz, the chief pastime was the bull-fights at Bayonne, which may be regarded as having really been established under imperial patronage. At first they met with considerable opposition from the Bayonnaise, and were even censured by the clergy. A significant hint quickly silenced the obsequious Church, and although the Bayonnaise could not be said to have acquired such a love for bull-baiting as to think with the Spaniard that *Pan y toros* were the great necessities of life, they nevertheless took to the brutal pastime with considerable gusto.

In mineral springs France abounds, and these attract, perhaps, as many visitors as the sea-side resorts. The most popular are undoubtedly those in the vicinity of Pau, in the Pyrenees. The charming watering-place of Cauterets boasts no less than twenty-two distinct springs, varying in their warmth and strength, so that they resemble nearly all the sulphurous sources of the Pyrenees, some being stronger than the waters of Bruges, while others are as mild as those of St. Sauveur. They vary in temperature from 102° to 140° Fahrenheit. There are nine bathing establishments in Cauterets, which form, as it were, two distinct groups, one being in Cauterets itself, and the other a little to the south of the town, at the junction of the Gaves to Lutour and De Marcadau. The most important is, perhaps, the Établissement des Œufs, which stands on the right bank of the Gave, at the base of the Péquère. It is constructed of marble, and contains, on the ground-floor, in addition to twenty-six bathing cabinets, fourteen douches and other variations of the bath. There is also a large tank of sulphur water, which is constantly renewed, and above which is suspended various apparatus for gymnastic exercise. This bath, which is twenty-five yards in length and ten in breadth, is inclosed in a large well-lighted room. In addition to the usual equipment of a hotel, this establishment has concert-rooms and a theatre. The waters are brought from a distance of about half a mile, the sources of supply being ten in number, and all called Des Œufs, either because the water is hot enough to boil an egg, or because of its disagreeable odor.

The town of Barréges is situated among the mountains, 4085 feet above the sea-level, and contains little to attract those who are not in search of health. It consists of a long narrow street situated on the left of the Gave de Bastan, and contains about a hundred houses solidly constructed, which are meant to remain throughout the year, and a large number of wooden houses and huts, which are removed at the approach of winter. This precaution was some years ago absolutely necessary for all those who desired to preserve their belongings, as the avalanches formed during the winter months on the sides of the Labas-Blancs swept down regularly through four ravines into the valley of Bastan, and crossing the torrent, covered the village in their fearful course. Although these avalanches have not been entirely stopped, they have been checked in their destructive course by means of platforms several yards wide cut in the rock, upon which immense iron bars attached by chains have been placed. The mineral waters of Barréges are very strong, and the cures effected by them are said to be something wonderful. If all that is claimed be true, they are efficacious in scrofulous affections, rheumatism, and in curing gunshot and other wounds. Ill-cured or old wounds they cause to re-open, and then close again in a healthy manner. Owing to this wonderful quality, the French government have constructed a military hospital, consisting of two large barracks capable of receiving 400 soldiers and 200 officers. The existence of these springs was known in the Middle Ages, as is proved by traces of piscines to be seen near the spot called Vieux Barréges, but the waters were first brought into notice by Madame DE MAINTENON, in 1676, who brought here, by the advice of the royal physician, the Duc de Maine, child of LOUIS XIV. The effect of the waters was so great that after a protracted stay the little cripple was enabled on his return to walk to meet the king. The demand for the waters at the present time is so great that they are in use day and night, and as the village can not lodge more than 1200 visitors, many persons are obliged to wait some time at Luz before they are able to obtain rooms. The bathing establishment lately constructed contains twenty-one bathing cabinets and four douches. The waters are derived from seven springs, the most powerful being that of Le Tambour.

Among the Pyreneean watering-places, Eaux Bonnes should be mentioned. The village is situated at the entrance of a narrow gorge at the junction of the Lourde with the Valentin. It consists of a long street which mounts by a pretty steep ascent to the bathing establishment, and of several modern streets, recently constructed. The village lies in the heart of the mountains, with precipices rising on all sides just back of the houses, to make room for which the rock has been frequently blasted. The Eaux Bonnes owes its immense popularity to its springs, seven in number, of which the highest temperature is 91° Fahrenheit. They issue from the base of the Butte du Trésor, and are conveyed through pipes to the Thermes, or bathing establishment. This building, recently reconstructed, has a small theatre in the west wing. The waters are chiefly efficacious in affections of the lungs and in the early stages of consumption; but great caution is required in their use, it being the custom to begin by taking but a tea-spoonful and a half. All the drinking-water is procured from a cold spring, the *eaux chaudes* being entirely medicinal in their character.

THE GHOST OF MORCAR'S TOWER.

FOR three generations the direct heir to the estate of Morcar's Tower has not succeeded to the property. The last owner, Squire Fairfax, was a hale, jovial fellow, and had three stalwart sons, yet none of them lived to possess the place.

The eldest was killed when Clyde's army relieved Lucknow; the second fell a victim to the jungle fever that haunts the moist rice fields of Central India; and the youngest—it gives me a choking sensation in my throat even now when I recall his fate.

The hero of the Playing Fields, stroke of the eight-oar in the most closely contested race that Oxford ever won, he was a favorite everywhere, and the pride of his home. I can see him yet, with his laughing brown eyes, standing up against the crack left-handed bowler, who came assured of an easy victory for Stepton over the eleven of Stepton-in-the-Fens. There were some of us who thought when he carried his bat that greater triumphs must be in store for that ready hand, that watchful eye, and cheery spirit.

A year later, when a pleasure-boat went down in a squall, the only hope left us was that he had not suffered long, for there was a dark bruise on the pale forehead when the body was washed ashore. His father never recovered the blow, but died soon after his boy; and thus it came to pass that I, a distant cousin, found myself the owner of Morcar's Tower.

The curse, if curse there still be, will be again fulfilled, for no children of mine will ever brighten the gloomy chambers of my new home. It matters not how I know this so certainly, for it is not my own story that I am about to tell. Suffice it to say that the joy was crushed out of my life ere I was thirty, so that I abandoned my chosen career, and hid myself in a lonely cottage, thinking that in the quiet life of a student I might find solace for my grief. When first I heard that the old Tower was mine, I was unwilling to remove from the abode to which I had already grown accustomed; but on further reflection I decided that the effort must be made, and that I must not shrink from my new duties on account of the melancholy associations connected with the place. To the Tower, therefore, I went, taking with me the treasured volumes that were my only friends.

For obvious reasons I can not give the true names of the localities I am about to describe, but they will be easily recognized by any one belonging to the neighborhood who may chance to peruse this tale.

Morcar's Tower was situated in one of the flattest districts in England. In old days, before cannon were in use, it must have been a valuable stronghold, for it was then surrounded by a reedy fen, full of dangerous and unsuspected depths, and only practiced guides could find the narrow paths that threaded through the grass and rushes. Gradually, however, the fen land was reclaimed, though the drainage was extremely difficult; and a canal, more sluggish than any I have seen elsewhere, was cut across from the Ayder to the Deene. The soil was rich, and paid well; and at last a little town grew up, known as Stepton-in-the-Fens, to distinguish it from Stepton proper, or, as it was sometimes called, Stepton-on-the-Wold. This wold was nothing but a rise of the land on the west of the Tower, and would hardly have been remarked in a less level country.

The Tower itself was more properly a keep, square and grim, built of dark red stone that took a purplish hue when wet. Round it was a deep moat that on three sides had been hastily and carelessly filled up. Yellow hawk-weed and the straggling ragged-robin grew in profusion on the unequal surface of the earth that had been thrown loosely into it; and I wondered greatly that my cousin should have allowed this disorderly fringe of weed to remain round the house. I remembered, however, that when my cousin Frank had once proposed some alteration, his father had replied, with unusual sharpness, that he did not choose to meddle with the moat. On the fourth side the ditch was its original depth, and a wooden bridge, with a high fantastic railing, crossed it where the drawbridge had formerly been. The walls of the Tower were enormously thick, and the interior was consequently somewhat sombre. There was plenty of heavy old-fashioned furniture, but there were few modern elegancies in the house. In the room that had been Harry's were two new easy-chairs, some engravings after Landseer, and some pewters and cups—relics of the foot-races and sculling matches of his Eton and Oxford days.

On the ground-floor were the drawing and dining rooms, with two smaller apartments; the bedrooms were up stairs; and the servants—I had but three—lived in some newer offices quite at the back.

I myself chose to inhabit a curious turret that projected from one corner of the Tower, partly because it was light and cheerful, partly because I had used it when visiting my cousins in our boyhood. The round shoulder of the wold cut us off early from the evening sun, and from the turret windows I could watch the light being stolen from our Fens by the advancing shadows of the fir-clad rising ground.

I loved to see the last glitter die off the canal, and from between the reed beds, to watch a lazy barge perhaps being moored for the night, a gray heron oaring his way across the opal sky, or a string of carts or team of horses going slowly homeward—for no living creature moved quickly in the Fens.

When all was still, save that the frogs had begun to croak among the rushes, I turned to my books, and in mystic volumes, such as the history of the Rosy Cross, sought for counsel from men who, like me, had resolved to be alone.

One night, when I had been about a fortnight at the Tower, I sat up rather later than usual at my studies. A new vista was opening before me, and I seemed to be on the point of reaching over that indefinable barrier that separates us from the world in which spirit is the known reality—a world whose laws must some day yield themselves up to our mastery. I raised my head, and drew in a long breath of the night air that blew in at the open casement. While sitting thus, pursuing an argument in my own mind, the sound of a stealthy footstep on the stair caught my ear, and abruptly broke the chain of my thoughts.

Irritated at this disturbance, I resolved to forbid the servants coming up stairs so late, and then tried to resume my reading. But the words on the page conveyed no meaning to my mind, and I found myself dwelling instead on that unwonted sound.

Suddenly it flashed upon me—*I had not heard the step go away.*

My door faced the stairs, and only a very small landing intervened. I looked at my watch; it was half past one.

Obviously none of the household had any business up stairs at that hour: had I heard the step of a burglar, who was even now outside my door? I was unarmed, and beyond reach of help, for the bell in my room communicated with an empty part of the Tower, and I had not yet given orders for its alteration. Hastily and nervously I locked my door, and listened long for a retiring footstep, but not a sound came, and I fell asleep at last without undressing. Next day I felt somewhat ashamed of the nervousness that had seized me; for though I do not boast of any special amount of animal courage, I had never before experienced such uneasiness. I concluded that my nervous system must be unstrung, and resolved to take more exercise than I had done of late.

I asked the butler, casually, if he had been up stairs late last night. He was an elderly man, and had spent many years in my cousin's service, and I thought there was something strange in his look and tone as he replied: "No, Sir; none of *us* were up stairs."

A confused remembrance of a ghost story came into my mind, told long ago by a chance guest, and summarily cut short by the old squire. Perhaps the Tower was haunted, and a ghost was part of my inheritance! I hesitated to inquire, lest I should put the idea into the heads of the servants; but as I had little faith in the supernatural origin of so-called ghostly disturbances, I took sundry precautions against imposture. I had once been a fair shot; so I opened a long-untouched box, and got out a pistol that had lain there for two years. This I cleaned and put away in my room. I then ordered that candles should be placed there in addition to my usual lamp, and desired that the bell should be at once altered.

When evening came, I sat down to my work, and read with quite my usual attention; but I could not recall the keen perception of the previous night.

About one o'clock I felt my mind wandering involuntarily from my book, although I had not been aware of the lateness of the hour until I looked at my watch: a quarter of an hour later I heard a faint sound. I listened anxiously: it was the same step as before, coming slowly up stairs; the step of one who walks wearily—the step of a woman, for I distinctly heard the rustle of a dress. I quietly placed the lamp so that the light would stream right into the passage, cocked my pistol, and as the footsteps reached the door, I threw it open. There was no one there.

A sense of horror seized me, and I think at that moment I would rather have met any visible foe than have stood face to face, as it were, with an empty sound.

Next morning Bond lingered unnecessarily in removing the breakfast things, and after glancing two or three times at me as I sat idly by the window, he spoke.

"Mr. Fairfax—excuse me, Sir—but you don't look well this morning."

"I don't feel very well, Bond," I replied.

"Been disturbed at night, perhaps, Sir," said the old man, pointedly.

"What do you mean? Why should I be disturbed at night?"

"Because you're the owner of Morcar's Tower, Sir."

"Then there is a story that I don't know!" I exclaimed. "Go and finish your work, Bond, so as not to let the women remark anything, and then come and tell me about it."

When he returned, Bond gave me a garbled version of the tale I shall presently relate in the words of one immediately concerned; but he added, that since the commission of the crime that gave Morcar's Tower its evil name, it had been haunted by mysterious footsteps. No ghost had ever been seen; but these steps continually passed to the door of the room occupied by the owner, and there died away. My cousin, stout-hearted practical man as he was, had tried every room in the Tower without escaping from this terrible guardian; and Bond thought the nervousness caused by the nightly visitation had helped to bring about Mrs. Fairfax's sudden death.

Had he been a richer man, the squire would have abandoned the Tower; but he could ill afford to do so, and in time became accustomed to the ghost.

"Did none of my cousins ever hear it?" I inquired.

"Yes, Sir, they did. Mr. James and Mr. Frank each heard it before they left home for the last time. Mr. Frank told me himself, Sir, and said he thought it might be a sign he was never coming back."

"And Harry?"

"Master Harry was so much younger, I don't think he rightly knew the story. Mr. Fairfax made the other young gentlemen and me promise never to tell it to any one; and Master Harry wasn't one to think of things of the sort."

"How did the others find it out?"

"Same way as I did, Sir—by master changing his room so often. They got it out of Mrs. Fairfax, poor lady, at last."

"Well, Bond, I suppose I can depend on you to help me if I try to find out anything about the ghost."

"Yes, Sir; but I'd advise you to leave it alone, if I might be so bold."

"My good fellow, I can't go on living here without trying to understand this affair. If there is a ghost, there must be some reason for his or her coming; and if I could discover the reason, it might put a stop to these visits."

"Well, Sir, there's no denying that would be a good thing; but I doubt you'll find it beyond you to manage."

"At least I'll try, Bond," said I, as he left the room.

That night I placed lamps on the stairs and in the passage that led to them, and made Bond sit up there, that he might notice where the steps came from. I myself sat opposite the open door of my room, with my eyes fixed on the staircase. At a quarter past one, Bond called out, as agreed on, "It's coming, Sir;" and a minute later I distinguished the first footfalls. Slowly and steadily they came up stairs, so that I could count the number of steps; they crossed the landing, and the last one planted itself on the threshold of my room; then there was perfect silence.

I shuddered, and called Bond, who came up, white and trembling.

"Sir, the steps walked by me where I sat; I watched the lamp, as you told me, but I saw nothing pass between me and it. I don't know where they began; they seemed to start at the end of the passage. Oh, Sir, don't meddle with them, or you'll come to harm!"

"I hope not, Bond," I replied. "I am satisfied that there is no trick, and I must think what is to be done next. Go to bed now, for I suppose we shall hear no more to-night."

"No more, Sir, the Lord be praised! It only comes once in a night; if it were oftener, I don't think anybody could stand it."

The old man evidently did not like the notion of a closer acquaintance with the ghost, but now that I knew exactly what happened, my own nerves were steady. I felt that here was an opportunity of testing some of the theories in which I was most deeply interested, and I resolved that no effort of mine should be wanting to prove them true or false. I believed in the power, possessed by a few strong wills, of influencing others at a distance; and my own studies had accustomed me to concentrate my thoughts—the first step toward exercising such a power, if, as I hoped, it was latent in me. I had never heard of any attempt to control a spirit by such means; but the idea did not appear to me impracticable. Where so little is known, experiments are of use, even though their results be only negative. If there is a spirit—thus I argued with myself—that wishes to communicate with the owner of this

Tower, surely a reciprocal wish on his part might render the process easier.

Again, the simplest facts of mesmerism show that one will can control another: surely a spirit, freed from human grossness, should be sensitively alive to every influence exerted over it. It only remains to be proved whether I have the needful strength, and whether I can keep cool and steady if I succeed so far as to obtain obedience from the spirit.

Having settled my plan of action, I began by taking a long and brisk walk in the early morning. Before dinner I confined my reading to historical works, but in the evening I perused carefully a volume in which I had found much curious and useful information on mesmerism. Soon after midnight I seated myself opposite my open door, having previously placed the lamps so as completely to light up the space before me.

Two rather ludicrous difficulties then struck me. In the first place, I did not know the sex of my unseen visitor. Bond's story would have led me to suppose that a man would haunt the Tower, but there was nothing masculine in the gentle footfall, or the sound of the trailing robe.

Secondly, I knew that I must keep one idea steadily before me, yet I could hardly go on repeating the same formula, and I could not think without words. This difficulty, however, was a very elementary one, and would be easily overcome by practice. I fixed my eyes on the doorway where the eyes of a figure of average height would be, and soon succeeded in making myself think an almost uninterrupted "Come!"

Unfortunately the night was boisterous and stormy; the wind screamed past the casement, and swept on, as if in a hideous fugue, across the gloomy fens; but as my senses grew more and more keen, I did not doubt but that I could distinguish the familiar footsteps, even through all this storm-music.

After a while the blood moved faster in my veins, my eyes were unnaturally fixed and hot, and my breathing was constrained and rapid, as though every muscle was stiffened—a sensation quite unlike the deep full inspirations of severe physical exertion.

I should not have realized how great was the tension of my will had not a gust of wind made a gate in the garden bang suddenly, when the quiver with which my nerves responded to the sound betrayed to what a pitch I was excited.

It was close on the hour for the ghost's visit. I passed my hand across my forehead and eyes, and at the same instant, distant through the wailing of the wind, I heard the distinct footfall. I grasped the arms of my chair, and half rose, in the intensity of my wish; but when the steps reached the top of the stairs something seemed to give way in my brain, the room and lights swam before my eyes; but as I sprang up, with my hands to my temples, I saw, or fancied I saw, against the bright background, the shadowy outline of a figure.

It was an instantaneous impression, and I sank back as helpless and weak as a child—all power of will entirely gone.

An hour passed before I could shake off my lassitude sufficiently to go to bed; but I slept soundly, and to my great satisfaction found that, instead of being fatigued, I was more active than usual on the following day.

To Bond's inquiries I merely replied that I was carrying out a plan which I hoped would succeed in time, but that I could not give him the details.

It is unnecessary to describe the experiments of each succeeding night. I soon found that the power of concentrating my will increased with every effort. On three occasions I saw the same shadowy outline; but on each a chance sound disturbed me, or irresistible fatigue deprived me of strength just when I most needed it. At length I resolved to take one night's uninterrupted rest, and to begin my next attempt only a few minutes before one, so as to have more power in reserve when the critical moment should arrive. I was glad to find that I attained almost immediately the required state of concentrated volition; but I endeavored to make my condition more natural than it had ever yet been. I gazed more quietly and observantly at the spot where I hoped the spirit might appear, and made mesmeric passes as if before a figure facing me.

As one o'clock struck, my senses grew more alert: never before had I felt myself possessed of such subdued and controlled strength; even my breathing became deep and regular.

I could not account to myself for these novel sensations, but I was filled with a buoyant delight which was almost ecstasy. My hands, as I continued my passes, seemed to feel an opposing force, as though I were drawing a weight toward me. There was none of the former heat and excitement, but a genial warmth pervaded every limb.

I *knew* I had power over the spirit, if I could but keep myself steady.

At last it was close on the quarter, when I heard the first step in the passage. I stretched out my hands in motionless command and expectation. As the steps reached the turn of the stairs, the outline became visible once more; it grew distinct, came nearer, and pausing at the doorway, seemed to tremble and gather itself into the form of a woman in a clinging robe, who bent toward me with a look that I shall never forget.

She was very young, and the misery on her face might have made the hardest heart pitiful. In her eyes there was that abiding look of horror that sometimes remains after a great mental shock—a look almost impossible to describe, but which conveys its meaning instantaneously. Her mobile lips were slightly parted, and her small hands tightly clinched at her sides. Although every feature was distinguishable, there was no semblance of humanity about her; she was a pale shadowy figure, and the outline of her head and dress remained tremulous, as though ready to melt again into air.

As she gazed earnestly at me, I felt that she could communicate her thoughts to a certain extent, and read mine, in this mysterious spirit-contact. I did not speak, but I thought the words, "Poor soul, I will aid you in anything you wish!" A faint smile quivered over her face, and she bowed her head and beckoned me with one hand. Taking up a small lamp, I followed, while she passed down stairs. Her movement was exquisite in its floating grace, and I remarked that her steps were no longer audible: the sound of them was not needed now to plead for her.

She led me along the passage to a deep window overlooking the moat. Here she paused, and pointed to a panel in the oak wainscoting. I could see nothing peculiar, and glanced toward the spirit for further explanation. Again and again she pointed imperiously to the same spot. I tried to speak, but my voice refused to come, so I thought the question I wished to ask.

"Am I to search here for something?"

Her smile answered me, and she then signed to me to open the window and come out. Placing my lamp on the floor, so as to be out of the draught, I got over the low sill and stood at the edge of the moat. The spirit floated a yard or two further, and pointing down to the ground, wrung her hands piteously.

"Did some one die there?" I asked, in a whisper, for I felt that my power was waning, and it was no longer difficult to speak. The pale hands pointed to the breast of the figure, which was already fading, as though her desire was accomplished.

"Tell me," I cried, flinging myself down before her, "if I search the panel and this spot, will you be at rest?"

She bent toward me once more with a smile of intense peace on her face, and melted out of my sight.

Whether I fainted, or whether I fell into the deep sudden sleep that sometimes follows mesmeric exertion, I can not tell; but when I came to myself day was breaking, and my lamp was burned out below the open window.

After breakfast I gave Bond an account of my adventure, and could easily see that the good old man thought my brain was affected.

"You will help me to search the panel, Bond, and that will prove whether my story is true or only a dream," said I.

To the window we accordingly went, and Bond inquired whether he was to break the wainscot.

"Certainly not," I replied. "If there is a hiding-place here, there is some way of opening it, which I shall try to find before I allow the wood to be broken."

Inch by inch I examined the wood, and compared the mouldings carefully with those on the opposite side. My attendant's incredulity was so manifest that I should greatly have preferred to prosecute the search alone, but by doing so I should have lost the testimony of an additional eye-witness to the discovery I felt confident of making. After a long and patient scrutiny I found in the lower corner of the panel an inch or so of moulding that fitted into the rest. Another quarter of an hour passed ere, by a chance movement, I gave it the turn required to loosen it. When it came out, and showed a spring concealed below it, my excitement was very great, and Bond himself began to share the feeling, and hurried off for oil with which to clean the rusty metal. We soon discovered the secret of the bolt, and a portion of the panel slid back below the moulding, revealing a small recess, in which lay a roll of manuscript tied with a black ribbon. Dust and damp had made the writing difficult to decipher; but when the sad history lay spread before me, I decided to give it to the world, along with an account of my mesmeric experiment. I have modernized the spelling, and supplied a few obvious words that were either blotted or illegible in the original. The date was eaten away, but from family papers I know that it must have been August, 1778. The manuscript ran as follows:

"I am going to write down what has happened. It may be that no one will ever read what I write; but should this paper fall into the hands of any pitiful persons, surely they will grieve for us.

"Mr. Fairfax is a bad man. Heaven forgive me if I ought not to think him so! but I must needs say it here. My father says he is not worse than his neighbors, and that it is the habit of most gentlemen to drink and swear in his fashion. If it be so, it is an ill thing for women that have to bear therewith. My father is a poor curate in Stepton. He has as good blood in his veins as Mr. Fairfax himself; but then he is very poor, as I have said. My mother and Mrs. Fairfax were friends; and when Mrs. Fairfax died, my mother took charge of the little baby she left, along with me. That baby was my Harry—Harry Fairfax of this Tower of Morcar's. He and I learned our first lessons together from my mother; and when we grew older my father taught us both. Old Mr. Fairfax took but small notice of his son. He was usually hunting, or quarrelling with some neighbor, or having drinking bouts at the Tower. I will say it again—he is a bad man. I feared him much, he looked so big on his black horse; and he had a rough voice. I remember how Harry and I were gathering rushes to plait one day when he rode by on the narrow path that goes down to the white inn. The willows and rushes were high; but the black horse was so much taller that we could not hide, as we sought to do. Mr. Fairfax called out with a strange oath that sounded loud and terrible, and jeered at Harry for playing with the parson's brat. Then he rode on; and Harry was in a great passion, the like of which I had not seen before. When I was fourteen my mother died, and thereafter I had to take charge of our house. Harry always came for teaching from my father; but he looked older than I did, for I had no money to buy myself new clothes, and was forced to continue in childish frocks when I might have worn gowns. At last an old and good friend of my father's sent money wherewith to provide me with sundry needful things; and I remember that I was vexed because, when he saw me in my new attire, Harry did not kiss me, as was his wont. He loved books greatly, as did my father; and he hated wine and oaths and all the evil doings at the Tower. Mr. Fairfax was angry, and called him a clerk; but he did not interfere with him. And by-and-by he loved something more than his books, and I could not believe that it was so. But it was true; and no creatures were happier than we when we sat among the osiers and talked of what we would do by-and-by. Father was sorely troubled when Harry told him; but he was always reading, and had not time to think much of us. Besides, he loved Harry as his son, and all the more because he would not join in his father's wicked ways. We were just twenty when Mr. Fairfax bade his son marry a young gentlewoman, whose father would dower her with certain lands that adjoined those of the Tower. When Harry refused, his father's anger was very terrible; but as he gave no reason for his refusal, Mr. Fairfax let him go, thinking to persuade him in time, and with softer words. He, however, made speed to our house, and demanded that my father should marry us privately. This he would not hear of at first, though Harry urged it, saying it would be his safety—that Mr. Fairfax had even said the damsel's brother should call him out did he slight her.

"He spoke so earnestly that at last father consented to make the needful arrangements, and we were satisfied. Alas! while he was absent, some rumor had come to Mr. Fairfax's ear, and when Harry returned home he was made a prisoner in his room, and only allowed to issue from it for his meals. Mr. Fairfax thought to tame him, but he knew not that there was a device whereby he might be baffled. In by-gone days, when Harry was fain to escape from noisy guests, he would slip out at the passage window; or if the brawlers were too near the stairs for him to pass, he would let himself down by a rope cunningly made fast to an iron bar that was across his own window. A thin and narrow plank was concealed below the grass at the edge of the moat, being held by rope loops to two pegs knocked into the bank. Once across the ditch, he was free, for the gentlemen were too busy within to espy him. Now, however, his father was always on the watch, fearing lest he should escape. We should have been in sore straits had we not had one friend among the servants—old Betty—who had seen my Harry born. She sped away to me with a message, bidding me to come at dusk, and Harry would meet me in the willow thicket across the moat: further than that he dared not venture.

"Was I wrong to go? I thought not; nay, I think still that I was right. Since the night that Harry put his signet-ring upon my finger I have belonged to him. How, then, could I dispute his will? Moreover, he was in trouble, and I could not refuse to go to him in his need. Therefore I went.

"When it was growing late, so that it behooved me to return, he led me to the edge of the thicket and kissed me; and that was our very last kiss on earth, and I knew it not. I would I had known, that I might have staid to perish with my love. I hurried along the darkening path, but before I had gone far I heard an angry voice that seemed to be that of Mr. Fairfax. I feared greatly for Harry, but I dared not turn back lest I should be seen, and cause worse trouble, since it might well be that Mr. Fairfax was only speaking to some groom or laborer. All night I could not sleep for terror, and next day news was brought to my father that Harry had disappeared.

"The country was searched for him; but I knew he was dead, for had he been alive he would have found means to relieve my anxiety.

"Mr. Fairfax shut himself up, and drank hard; and after a few days he desired that the moat should be filled up.

"The work was begun, and that night I knew the reason.

"Again old Betty came to me, white-faced and aged by many years. She told me the horrible thing that has never since been out of my thoughts. I see before me, day and night, the moat, the darkening path, and my Harry as he stepped off the plank and saw his father standing before him. Old Betty could not tell me what had passed, but Mr. Fairfax had seen me, for he spoke my name.

"After many furious words, Harry said, clearly, 'I never will give her up!' Then—then that cruel man struck him hard on the temples with the handle of his heavy hunting whip. Harry fell back into the moat, and he never rose again. Mr. Fairfax knelt at the edge, and called him hoarsely, and when no answer came, he rushed into the house.

"Betty was too terrified to say next day what she had seen, and I—can I give up Harry's father to punishment—I who have been the cause of my husband's death?"

The writing here became unsteady and indistinct, as though the poor girl's mind had begun to wander. It is legible on the next leaf.

"People look at me strangely; they thought I did not hear to-day when some one said I was mad. Am I mad? No, I am sure I am not: my brain is quite clear, clearer than ever, and each thought is as bright as if it were written in flame. I know what I am going to do. The moat is not half full yet, but in a few more days there will be no room in it. I must get Betty to hide this paper for me in Harry's panel cupboard; she taught him and me the trick of it long ago. I will not tell her why I want it hidden to-night—oh no: she might be afraid if she knew; and I must be quite alone, too. Mr. Fairfax is drinking—always drinking. I am going to punish him; he shall have two deaths on his soul, two—two. God will never forgive him as much as that.

"I shall be safe with Harry; if anybody finds this, they need not be afraid for me. I will fasten a stone over my heart, that the water in the moat may hold me down tight till I find him.

"I will sign my own name to this—my name, that no one can rob me of now.

"PRISCILLA FAIRFAX."

I determined, after reading this sorrowful tale, to have the moat carefully searched at the spot indicated by the spirit. That there might be no lack of witnesses, I invited both the doctor and curate of Stepton to be present. After reading the manuscript, they were to the full as anxious as I for further corroboration of its story. We knew that the Fairfax mentioned in it had died suddenly of *delirium tremens*, and probably the work of filling in the moat was then discontinued; for, as I have already remarked, it was of its original depth on one side of the house. As the workmen approached the bottom, they dug slowly and carefully. Complete success rewarded our efforts; for precisely where the ghost's finger had pointed, we found the decayed and broken bones of a woman.

The doctor gathered them up with his own hands, and in doing so turned over some of the earth, and espied, sunk in what had been soft mud, a heavy signet-ring bearing the Fairfax crest. Encouraged by our discoveries, I then gave orders for the whole of the moat to be cleared, in the hope that we might find the remains of the poor youth who was so cruelly murdered.

We inferred from the manuscript that his room must have been at one of the corners farthest removed from the hall; and our conjecture proved true. We found some bones singularly perfect considering their age, and two or three metal coat buttons. The latter I have placed with the ring and manuscript in a cabinet. To the bones we gave decent burial, depositing them all in the same grave. Since that day no midnight footsteps have approached my chamber; and I trust that the uneasy spirit has found rest through the discovery of her fate, and that nothing more will be seen or heard of the

GHOST OF MORCAR'S TOWER.

TWO ENGLISH PAINTERS.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH'S life was divided between three places. He was first in Suffolk, and next in Bath, and last in London. He was in the country in humility, and in town in his pride. His home in London was Schomberg House, Pall Mall. But his life as a Londoner was quite without effect upon his art as a landscape painter. It is his portraits of the great world—of the three princesses, fresh and flower-like (that hang at Windsor), of Signora Bacelli the dancer (that hangs at Knole), of this or that state dignitary or young buck of the period—that reflect his London life. He seems to have recorded little of the neighborhood of London. His earlier country life alone was the source of his landscape. At Bath, where he spent the best of his middle age, they have few traditions of Gainsborough. He was a sojourner in a watering-place where visitors and natives were sharply divided, and those who came for "the waters"—came and went—constituted his society. But in Suffolk the people are proud of his celebrity. A local man is the writer of his biography. They show you "Gainsborough's Lane." You can visit the village of Great Cornard, and find it much as he painted it in the picture in the National Gallery—a picture of early days, before he had left the country-side of his birth. It lies in a broad dip of pastoral country, a country rich in field crops—the typical country of Gainsborough's early art, when he was most precise in recording the things that he actually saw. Ipswich, the uneventful market-town; Sudbury, compared with which Ipswich is brilliant; Great Cornard, the village seen from between trees clustered together on a low rolling hill; Landguard, near Harwich, the place of the fort which, in old times that dreaded war and invasion, was guarded valiantly by the lad's first patron, the not too courteous Thicknesse—these are the places associated with the earlier years of Gainsborough: with Gainsborough in his boyhood, Gainsborough in his youth (save during the brief time of his apprenticeship in London), and Gainsborough in the first part of his married life, when with the handsome Margaret, daughter of one Burr, his father's partner, he rented a small house in the market-town at some sixteen pounds a year.

Gainsborough was thirty-two when he left Ipswich for Bath. Up to that time he had painted landscape quite as much as portraits. "Great Cornard," at the National Gallery, is one of the finest: in the engraving of "Landguard Fort" we have all that is left of a lost picture, quite as elaborate, though doubtless in command of means less mature. At Bath—though the object in moving there was to be in the midst of a society where portraiture might be encouraged and substantially paid for—Gainsborough used his opportunity for studying a country very different from that amidst which he had been born. No longer the gently swelling country of low hill and giant ploughed field, stretching to a coast of sandy hillock and grasses of the marsh, but a country of violent hill, exposed down, and more luxuriant woodland. Many things differ as we pass from the earlier landscape of Gainsborough, the lowland landscape, which in his art is the landscape of accurate record, to the later landscape, which is a thousand times less rigidly true, which, if it